

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,557

SEPTEMBER 30, 1899

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

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THE GEOGRAPHIC

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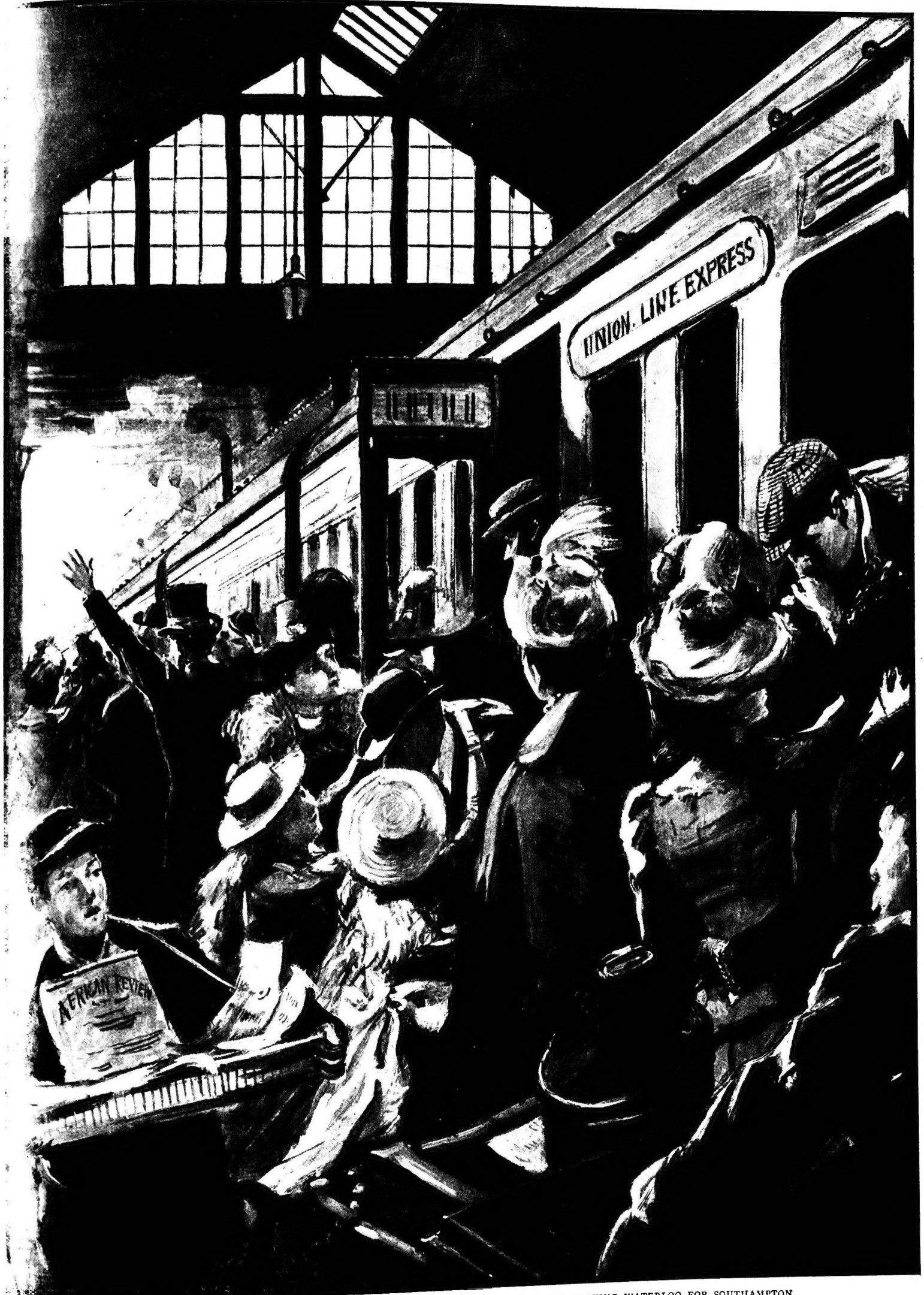
No. 1,557—Vol. 1, No. 1.
Registered as a newspaper.

EDITION
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899

FORTY PAGES

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post, 9½d.



GOOD-BYE TO THE WIVES AND CHILDREN : THE UNION LINE SPECIAL TRAIN LEAVING WATERLOO FOR SOUTHAMPTON
THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS : OFF TO SOUTH AFRICA
DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

Topics of the Week

On the Brink of War

THE Cabinet Council held to-day (Friday) will probably mark the last stage in the diplomatic conflict between this country and the South African Republic. The "final proposals for a settlement" now to be formulated by the Cabinet will, of course, be an ultimatum, and it is not

likely that President Kruger has dared this humiliation without having made up his mind to an armed resistance. We are thus confronted by the imminence of war—the first white war on a large scale on which we have embarked since the Crimea. It is desirable to point out clearly who is responsible for this calamity, the more so since not a few voices have been raised in this country to attribute the blame to Mr. Chamberlain and his colleagues. Let it be said at once that we are asking of the Transvaal nothing more than we are entitled to ask, not merely by reason of moral considerations, but in virtue of distinct pledges given to us "for value received." These pledges are not all contained in the Conventions which established the independence of the Transvaal, and to the letter of which Mr. Kruger is so fond of appealing. While these Conventions were in process of negotiation, certain definite promises were made by the Transvaal delegates, and among them was one by which they pledged themselves that the rights, privileges and opportunities of aliens should remain precisely what they were in 1881. Now at that time the Naturalisation law was practically identical with the similar laws which obtain in the adjacent British colonies. That is to say, that the alien could obtain the rights of citizenship after five years. It is, as Mr. Chamberlain points out in his last despatch, the observance of this pledge, and nothing more, that we are now asking of the Transvaal. Consequently we are in no way travelling outside the terms of our bargain with the South African Republic when we demand—as we have formally demanded in the despatch of September 8—that a Five Years' Franchise scheme shall be adopted by the Republic. At one time it was in doubt whether the exceptional circumstances of the South African Republic did not require that we should modify our demands, inasmuch as there was a fear that their effect might be to swamp the native burghers, and thus transform the Dutch into an English Republic. This fear has, however, been entirely dissipated by the scheme of Parliamentary representation acquiesced in by the Paramount Power, the adequacy of which has been completely acknowledged by President Kruger himself in his note of August 19. But besides this safeguard the Transvaal has stipulated for further conditions. It has, of course, no right to make any such stipulations, seeing that it is not a bargain which we are proposing, but purely and simply that the Transvaal shall give the stipulated consideration for a concession already made by this country. Nevertheless, we have acquiesced in two of their conditions. We have agreed to avoid intervention in the domestic concerns of the South African Republic as long as the London Convention is observed, and we have also agreed on a scheme of arbitration for the settlement of future disputes. But there is a third condition to which we have not agreed. It is that we should acknowledge that our relation to the Transvaal is not that of a suzerain. Now, whether our relation is thus correctly described or not the question is a purely academic one. To answer it in the affirmative would give us no rights we do not already possess, while to answer it in the negative would not enlarge the independence and political powers of the Transvaal by a hair-breadth. And yet it is for this shadowy consideration that President Kruger refuses to fulfil his pledges of 1881, and is ready to plunge South Africa into war. The responsibility for this calamity is then not difficult to place. The Transvaal, and the Transvaal alone, is responsible, and its responsibility is the graver since it must be clear that it is not merely to make us declare there is no suzerainty that it is taking this course, but simply because it has never honestly intended to carry out its solemn pledges with regard to Uitlander emancipation.

The Khalifa Again

ALTHOUGH the approaching campaign against the Khalifa comes into the category of our "little wars," there may be some tough fighting before Lord Kitchener hunts him away from El Obeid. That place is very difficult to get at, by reason of the waterless deserts intervening between it and the Nile; any large body of troops would have to depend on its own resources for all supplies, including water. There are a few wells here and there, but they only afford sufficient water for small parties, and sometimes not even that. But, if Mr. Charles Neufeld's information be correct, Lord Kitchener may find his advance opposed by a really formidable army. There are two Emirs, zealous friends of the Khalifa, already on the warpath, and it is estimated that, between them, they command 18,000 or 20,000 men. Happily the fighting quality of this force is likely to prove far inferior to its numerical strength. The Khalifa will not part with many of his Baggara warriors; not only are they the finest troops among the Soudanese, but he can depend on their loyalty as a bodyguard. Mr. Neufeld believes that disturbances will occur from time to time so long as the Khalifa is living. That is only too probable; there is evidence that his followers still believe in his confident predictions of coming victory. All the more

reason, therefore, for driving him farther away from the Nile Valley. The French Eastern Soudan lies open to him, being almost destitute of military protection, and he might there establish for a time another despotism of the Omdurman pattern.

President McKinley's White Elephant

GENERAL OTIS has been singularly unfortunate in his attempts to administer soothing syrup to his fellow-countrymen in connection with the long-delayed pacification of the Philippines. In almost every instance these displays have been simply followed by some untoward event, giving flat contradiction to the gallant commander's statements. That has just happened once more. At the very moment when General Otis was cheerfully telegraphing to Washington that the Filipinos had become utterly demoralised, a small force of the insurgents held four American warships at bay for six hours at a trumpery fort apparently armed with only one heavy gun. That did not look like any lack of morale; well-disciplined troops might have been shaken by the withering fire of the warships. But an even more striking refutation of General Otis's comforting messages was afforded when the Filipinos daringly attacked and finally captured an American gunboat which had ventured up the Orani River. The craft was a small one, it is true—only forty tons, with a crew of one officer and nine seamen—but the capture was a brilliant feat for Aguinaldo's badly armed levies all the same. In this instance General Otis was probably not to blame, but the mishap crowns a long series of misfortunes to the American arms since he assumed command, and it is no matter for wonder that the popular voice in the States should demand his immediate recall. It is imagined by some that he purposely delays pacification in order to bring it off on the eve of the Presidential election, and so give electioneering help to his patron, Mr. McKinley.

The Scapegoat of the War

THE condemnation of Admiral Montojo for not succeeding when success was rendered impossible by the *lâcheté* of the Madrid Government is every bit as unjust as the condemnation of Captain Dreyfus was. In both cases a scapegoat was required to carry away the iniquities of highly placed officials who had not the courage to own that they had egregiously blundered. It was not Admiral Montojo who should have been tried and convicted for negligence; all the evidence goes to prove that he gallantly endeavoured to make amends for official negligence by fighting for the honour of the flag. Nothing short of a scandal is it, therefore, that this most deserving officer, who was hailed at the time of his plucky exploits as a national hero, should not only be dismissed from active service, but be declared incapable of ever serving his country again. If that be the Spanish method of rewarding valour, ability, and self-sacrifice, it is not to be wondered at that so many Spanish commanders, both naval and military, desert their professions to become scheming politicians at Madrid. Admiral Montojo may, however, console himself with the reflection that his fellow-countrymen are very mutable in their moods. Perhaps, in a year or two, he may again be their idol as he was when, knowing defeat was certain, he bravely fought the American fleet until all his ships were either captured or sunk.

A Premium on Thriftlessness

THE old-age pension scheme formulated at Cardiff by the "National Committee of Organised Labour" will hardly commend itself to practical statesmen. So far as making State provision for the aged deserving poor goes, the public voice has definitely pronounced that it ought to be and must be done in one way or another. But this new plan rejects the qualifying word "deserving," and proposes to bestow pensions on all applicants at sixty-five years of age, whatever their past lives may have been. The thriftless would be thus placed on precisely the same footing as the thrifty; the *habitud* of workhouses would rank equally with those who had never received Poor Law relief. In short, a premium would be offered to workmen to spend on self-indulgence, instead of depositing in the savings bank during prosperous times, and that excellent institution, as well as the friendly societies, would lose its *raison d'être*. But it is not only to the proletariat that the Cardiff programme holds out this gigantic bribe; it further proposes to bestow pensions on all corners of the specified age, irrespective of the amount of their incomes. Dives could, if he liked, participate with Lazarus in the good thing. It is a pity that such crude and foolish proposals as this should be put forward by any organisation claiming to represent labour; there could be no surer way of discouraging those who have the good work in hand from continuing their endeavours to devise a workable scheme for the relief of the aged deserving poor from the stigma which accompanies the pauper's dole.

British Sportsmen in the States

WHETHER the great Yacht Race brings the Cup back to England or leaves it in the land where it has been too long, English sportsmen will retain the pleasant knowledge that our athletic relations with the United States have never been in so healthy a state as now. International contests are not always conducive to this

well-being; and that this year should prove an exception to the rule must, to a very great extent, be regarded as owing to the extreme personal popularity of our representative over there. Perhaps the lion's share of this popularity should go to Sir Thomas Lipton. He has it in his power to do so in spite of all temptations he remains an Englishman; and that alone is sufficient to give him a place in the great heart of a good deal of New York State. The popularity of whose officials, from policemen to town councillors, belongs to the same favoured nation. But a good deal of credit also belongs to the representative of another of our pastimes—we need hardly say that we refer to the incomparable Ranjitsinhji. That excellent cricketer has taken the shortest way to the heart of the Americans. Not only has he proclaimed his opponents a nation of sportsmen, and predicted that the matches would be won by him, but he has asked his admirers not to think of him as a cricketer, but to call him "simply Ranji." The Americans will never grudge us triumph now.

Club Commerce

BY "MARMADUKE"

"CHILDREN AND FOOLS," said Archbishop Wellesley, "should not see a work that is half done, they not having the sense to see what the artist is designing." This contention may be transferred to the "new diplomacy," the foundation of which is apparently, to publish each step of an intricate scheme of negotiations as it is taken. There are many who resented that the Government did not make public the contents of the last despatch addressed to the Transvaal immediately after the Cabinet meeting. Those who are more experienced in diplomatic negotiations were delighted that the contrary course was adopted, as it might facilitate a peaceful conclusion being arrived at.

The Queen is notoriously opposed to war; the Government is obviously anxious to avoid war, for it increases taxation, which is always unpopular; in financial and commercial circles war is dreaded, for it interferes seriously with business, and the nation, as a whole, is especially peaceably disposed. All these forces render it extremely improbable that a British Government would enter upon a war, unless it was indispensable.

It is being said that before the regiment embarked for the Cape several of the subalterns combined to telegraph to President Kruger a ridiculous message informing him that they were coming, and expressing the hope that Heaven would help him. It is doubtful whether such a childish message was sent, and it is fervently to be hoped that it was not.

"It is an ill-wind that blows no one good." The tradesmen of London would be more than human did they not hope that circumstances will shape themselves so as to cause the re-assembling of Parliament for an autumn Session. It is some years since Parliament has ceased to sit in the autumn, and the chief sufferers by the discontinuance have been the West End tradesmen. For an autumn Session brings many members—some being accompanied by their families—to town, and this occasions an autumn season.

It is a far cry from the Transvaal Question to the French Cook Question. There is no doubt, however, that the latter threatens to attain paramount importance in the West End when the former has been settled. The large increase in the number of millionaires within recent years, and the rapid increase in the number of clubs and hotels, have exhausted the supply of French cooks. The chief sufferers by this are the West End clubs, for the French prefer private service or employment at hotels, both of which pay larger salaries generally than can be earned at clubs, where the opportunities of making money by other channels are so frequent.

The management of club finances, moreover, has become much more strict of late than it was in former times. The Clubman of twenty years ago was very grandiose in his treatment of club accounts. It was a glorious time, then, for the club steward, hall porter, and, occasionally, even for the secretary. The new generation of clubmen is now in command. The accounts are severely scrutinised; as little waste as is possible is permitted; the club is not allowed anything like so free a hand as he formerly enjoyed, and even his salary is diminished.

There can scarcely be committed a graver error in club management than to engage a club chef at too low a wage. The chef coins money and reputation for a club. The Old Club, for instance, in King Street, St. James's, has within recent years increased immeasurably to its reputation, and, it follows, to its prosperity, because of the cooking at that institution. By the way, the dishes provided at the Orleans are said to come direct from Paris, fresh supplies being drawn from there twice a week. If this is true, the system is new, and, as it is said to be successful, it may be recommended for adoption at other clubs.

In the garden at the back of the entrance lodge at Hyde Park, there is a cemetery for dogs. Hundreds of pet dogs are reverently buried here. Most of the graves have been marked with the name of the dead dog, and a suitable epitaph is placed on it. There must be thousands of men and women who would willingly pay a small fee and a smaller annual subscription to be able to bury their dead pets reverently, and to have their graves properly maintained. It is only necessary to obtain a lease of an acre of ground in the West End and open a cemetery to ensure the possession of a considerable annual income. The suggestion may be useful to some reader of this column.

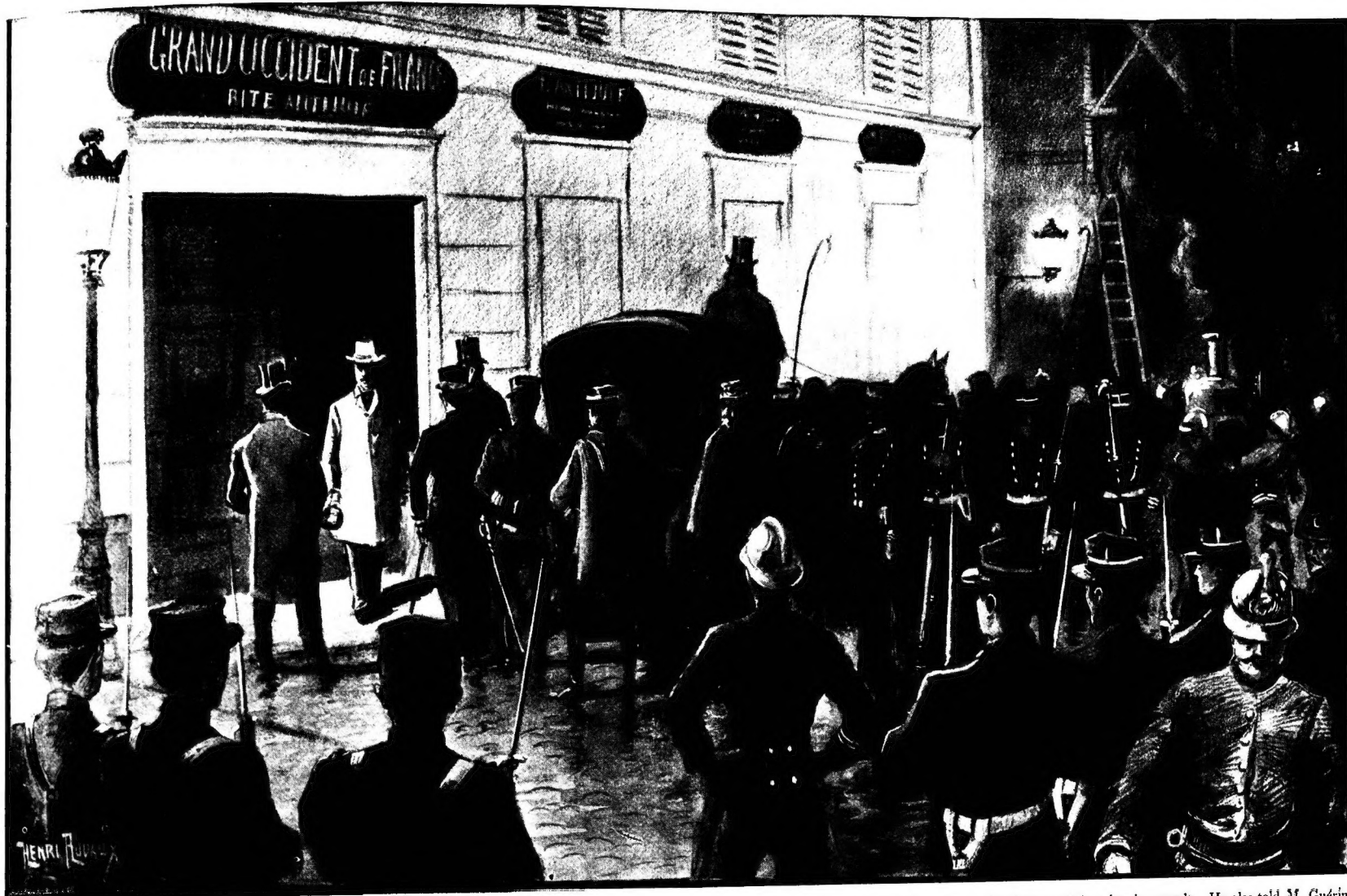


1. We decided to form a troop of mounted rifles in our township. 2. Our first appearance in the streets caused some excitement. 3. At first our horses did not take an interest in military affairs. 4. There has been no serious engagement in the company yet. 5. All the elite of the township came out to witness our first inspection. 6. Our first church parade was most imposing, and attracted crowds.

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

FROM SKETCHES BY A. ESAM

HOW WE FORMED A MOUNTED COMPANY IN OUR TOWNSHIP: EXTRACT FROM AN AUSTRALIAN LETTER



A good many battles in history have been won by fewer troops than were mobilised to attack M. Guérin and his men on the night when it was determined to end the farcical siege. There were four battalions of infantry and Republican Guards, three squadrons of mounted Republicans, two companies of Engineers, 150 firemen and several fire-engines. In the end M. Lepine, Prefect of Police, summoned M. Guérin to surrender, and

told him that if he did not do so in five minutes the place would be taken by assault. He also told M. Guérin that his companions, unless taken *en flagrant délit*, would be allowed to go. On that the besieged filed out like lambs, M. Guérin being the last to leave the "Fort"

THE SURRENDER OF "FORT CHABROL": HOW M. GUERIN GAVE HIMSELF UP TO THE BESIEGERS

DRAWN BY HENRI RIDAUX



as it was rumored that "Fort Chabrol" was to be taken by assault a large crowd collected. Strong measures were taken by the police, and the café where pressmen usually assembled was invaded by a detachment of the *coupe-fils*, the permits delivered by the Prefecture of Police. Everyone who had not this document was conducted outside by a couple of policemen and soon

they had a procession of a hundred or so doubtful-looking sympathisers with M. Jules Guérin, some of them ladies. When the police had finished their investigation those unable to justify their presence were formed into a column four deep and marched off under strong escort outside the cordon of troops

THE SURRENDER OF "FORT CHABROL": THE BESIEGERS DEALING WITH SYMPATHISERS OF M. GUERIN

DRAWN BY H. LANOS

An Artistic Causerie

By M. H. SPIELMANN

THE triennial exhibition of the Arts and Crafts Society opens next week, when the public will be enabled to gauge the advance of the Society in the decorative arts. A note of friction is heard, for the news has transpired that, by a new rule, the Society will allow no photographs to be taken—thus emulating the ultra-conservative policy of the Royal Academy, which, under no circumstances, will allow a wicked camera in its galleries. The rule strikes at the illustrated papers and magazines, which will not be able, as heretofore, to publish the best possible record of the exhibits. The excuse is, that many of the members object to their works being reproduced; but the defence is futile, simply because the permission of the artist is always sought and obtained before any object is photographed. Besides, those artists who do wish their works to be illustrated are now deprived of the right; so that, if they have not gone to the expense of having previously had their work reproduced on the chance of its being required, they must be content to be passed over. At the same time, the Society heralds its exhibition with a textual reprint of the volume of "Arts and Crafts Essays," written by its members, which was first published in 1893. This is an admirable series, written by men of high ability, of whom, in the interval, several have passed away.

The letter written by Archdeacon Sinclair to remind the public that Sir Anthony Vandyck was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, and that his grave and all trace of it disappeared in the Fire of London, has suggested to many minds the propriety of placing a tablet, or some more worthy form of memorial, to Vandyck's memory to mark the spot, as near as may be, of his resting-place in the Cathedral. Now, here we have a case in which the Royal Academy may well take the lead. The Academy-represented Great Britain at Antwerp, although it had taken no steps to help the Exhibition, and, the Belgians said, allowed this country to be conspicuous among the few which laid no wreath at the feet of the master's statue. But the Academy is becoming more and more the official representative of Art in Great Britain; here is cause worthy of its power and its activity, and an opportunity for the *amende honorable*.

While our good friends of Belgium admit that only the generosity of English owners has made the Antwerp Vandyck Exhibition the success it is, there is said to be a little feeling of disappointment or chagrin—just a touch, nothing more—on account of the very excellence of one of the pictures sent over from this country. The Museum of Antwerp glories in the possession of a superb full-length portrait of the Abbé Cesar Alexander Scaglia—a picture full of character and of pathos on the sad, refined, and rather emaciated face. The Abbé had himself presented it "fratribus pro aeterna memoria," and they had hung it in the chapel of "Notre Dame des Sept Douleurs" of the church where the donor was buried. It was known in Belgium that Captain Holford possessed a duplicate—a replica—a copy, perhaps—slightly larger than the other. This replica the Captain has lent to the exhibition, where it hangs in sight of the Antwerp picture—and behold! it is much the finer of the two! The latter picture came to England during the troubles of the early century, and, after passing through Sir T. Baring's collection, has finally rested in that of Captain Holford.

The comparatively recent practice of holding one-Master exhibitions is warmly appreciated, and is undoubtedly spreading. In Paris, at the present moment, art circles are deploring the fact that an oversight has rendered impossible the gathering of a worthy collection of Chardin's works to celebrate, on the 2nd of November next, the bicentenary of the artist's birth. But such an exhibition would surely offer great difficulties, for the majority of his best works are in foreign galleries and museums, and a large proportion of those in the hands of private collectors may be euphemistically described as "doubtful." Last year people were so busy with the Vernets that they allowed an anniversary so remarkable as the centenary of Delacroix's birth to go unnoticed; but there is some sort of inconsequent notion of "making amends" by celebrating in the year to come the tercentenary of Claude Lorrain. In that case France will have to depend on the courtesy of England, for Claude's master-



Sir Charles Cayzer, M.P. for Barrow-in-Furness, has presented his borough with a Conservative Club to commemorate the Queen's long reign. The club, which cost 10,000*l.*, was recently opened by Sir Charles Cayzer. Among those present were the following Members of Parliament: Mr. Victor Cavendish, Mr. T. W. Harrison, Mr. E. Gray, Mr. T. Doxford, Captain Bagot, and Mr. A. Helder. Our illustration is from a photograph by A. Hollis, Barrow-in-Furness.

OPENING A NEW CONSERVATIVE CLUB AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS

pieces are far more numerous in this country than in the land of his birth.

We don't pay much attention to such things here. I have heard no sculptor comment on the fact that this year of grace is the centenary of Bacon's death; no engraver has thought of its being the hundred and fiftieth year of the birth of William Sharp. Will it occur to anybody to honour next year the centenary of the birth of James Holland, Frank Stone, and Thomas Webster? Or in 1901 that of the birth of Bonington, of Samuel Cousins, and of the death of Wheatley and William Hamilton? Or in the following year the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Sir Edwin Landseer, George Lance, and David Lucas, and the death of Girtin and George Romney? I don't suppose that any committee or any society will move in the matter, for the artist, we seem to say, has had his day, he has been fêted in his time, written up and down into fame, and is now of no more account than he who died of Wednesday.

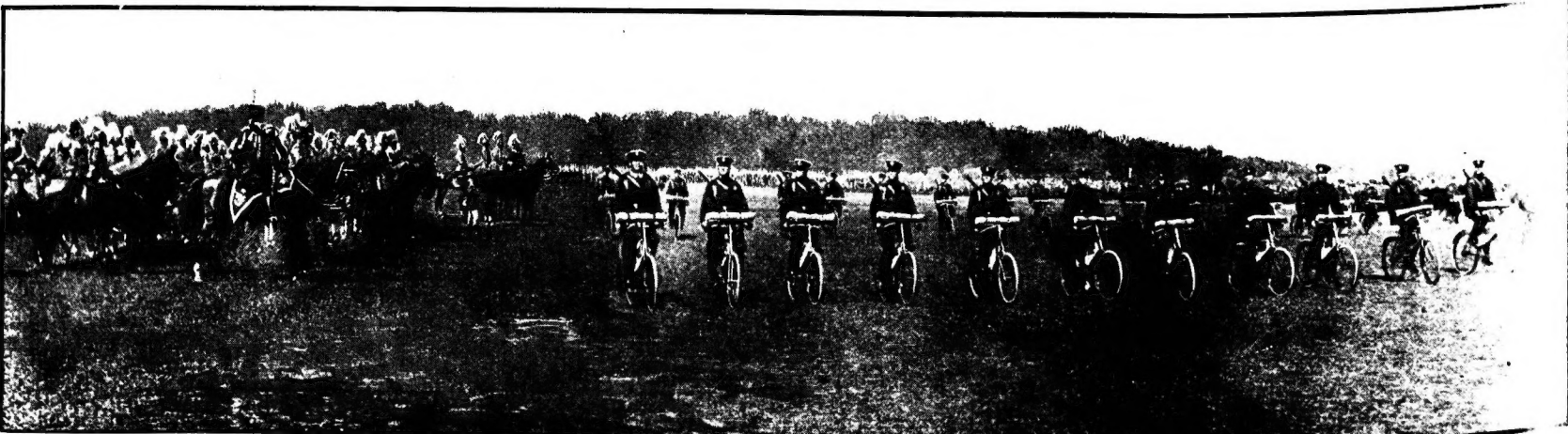
The Opening Musical Season

THE London musical season commences next week, that is to say, immediately upon the close of the Norwich Festival. As to opera, we are not likely to have any, at least until after the New Year, in the metropolis, although, of course, some of the touring troupes may very possibly visit the suburbs. After the New Year, however, two or three schemes are on foot for Italian, and even for German, opera.

The first of the important concerts of the season will take place next Saturday, October 7, when Miss Clara Butt will give a farewell to London prior to a short tour in the United States. On the same afternoon on the Crystal Palace concerts will be given by Dr. Viñers Stanford's new choral song, "Our Father, Who Hast Fallen," from Lord Tennyson's "Princess of Wales." Miss Fanny Davies will play Liszt's first pianoforte concerto. On November 4 Miss Butt will play, and a new Spanish piece for orchestra, "The Dance of the Flies," will be produced. On November 11 Miss Butt will introduce a piece for flute by Mr. T. Doxford, and the symphony will be Goetz in F. The Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts will then be suspended until February 24, when a fresh series will be given with the support of Herr Rosenthal, M. Ysaye, and Dr. Viñers. Next Saturday also the Orchestral Concerts given in connection with the West London Mission, at St. James's Hall, will start for the season. On the following Saturday, October 14, Madame Albani will sing at her last concert at St. James's Hall prior to a long tour in the provinces.

As to the serial concerts of the coming season, the Elderhorst Chamber Concerts, which were a feature of last season, will be resumed at St. James's Hall on October 23, and five days later the Saturday Symphony Concerts will commence at Queen's Hall. These concerts will be varied by some Wagner programmes, likewise under Mr. Wood. The Richter Concerts will commence at Queen's Hall on October 23, so that the Promenade Concert season there must close on the previous Saturday, October 21. Two series of Ballad Concerts will be given this year, those at St. James's Hall beginning on November 1, and those at Queen's Hall on November 4. The latter date has likewise been fixed for a grand concert to be given at the Albert Hall by Madame Mella. On November 9 the Royal Choral Society will commence their season at the Albert Hall with *Elfenlied*, Madame Russell and Mr. Santley being among the vocalists. On December 7 Sir Frederick Bridge will produce his new setting for chorus and orchestra of Rudyard Kipling's *Ballad of the Lamplighter*, which will be followed by *The Golden Legend*. On January 1 Madame Albani will sing in *Messiah*; January 23, St. Paul's Day, Mendelssohn's Oratorio will be performed; February 28 is set apart for the *Redemption*, and on March 22 we are to have a "Coleridge Taylor" night comprising the new *Hiawatha* Overture, which will be produced at the Norwich Festival next week; *Hiawatha's Wedding Feast*, which has already been given at the Royal College and elsewhere; another piece, entitled *The Death of Minnehaha*, which will be produced a fortnight hence at the Hanley Festival, and an entirely new section, entitled *Hiawatha's Departure*. *Messiah* will be given on Good Friday, and the season will close on May 3 with selections from *La Bohème* and *The Flying Dutchman*. On November 11 the Saturday Popular Concerts will begin, but there will be no Monday Popular Concerts until February 26. On November 22 Madame Patti will give a concert at the Albert Hall, and recitals and other concerts have likewise been fixed for October and November by Dohnanyi, Moritz Moszkowski, Sam. Co. Busoni, Pecksa, and Meeschaert, Mesdames Blanche Marchand, Schmitt, Katie Goodson, Borwick, Meadows, and numerous others.

The Sunday concerts this year bid fair to be a feature of the winter musical season. The Crystal Palace Sunday League have made a brilliant start. The National Sunday League have also begun a series of concerts at the Alhambra and other theatres (not essentially restricted to oratorios) will be given this season under the same auspices at about half a dozen of the suburban halls. To-morrow also a series of orchestral and other concerts under the direction of the National Sunday League will begin at the Covent Garden Opera House. The Albert Hall Sunday League have been in progress throughout the year, and will likewise have the usual series of Chamber Concerts at the South Place Institute.



The great manoeuvres which have just been concluded in Germany have shown to what a state of perfection the German Army has been brought. Some 70,000 or 80,000 troops have been reviewed by the Emperor William. The 15th Army Corps marched past the Kaiser at Strassburg, the 14th at Stuttgart, and the 13th at Carlsruhe. Everyone was struck with the perfect precision of these men in every movement and with the smartness of the officers. Our illustration, which shows the cyclists at Strassburg passing the Kaiser and his staff, gives a good idea of the admirable steadiness and thoroughness of the men, and is from a photograph by E. Jacobi, Metz.

GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES: THE CYCLISTS MARCHING PAST THE KAISER AT STRASSBURG

PROMENADE CONCERTS

The Promenade concert season at Queen's Hall has certainly not suffered by the absence of the Covent Garden performances, for the audiences attracted to Mr. Robert Newman's engagements have been large. The programmes have been well varied, and, during the past few days Master Bazelaire, Wagner's music, and the juvenile vocalists, have given his last performance prior to his departure for the Continent, and the sisters Cerasini and others have taken part. There have been a good many novelties in the programmes, the most interesting being a cleverly written miniature, entitled *As You Like It*, by Mr. Clarence Lucas, and a little Spanish dance, *The Fandangos*, for clarinet, by Mr. Gomez, first clarionetist of the Queen's Hall Orchestra. Mr. Wood, as conductor-in-chief, has managed to bring forward a number of extremely interesting programmes.

NOTES AND NEWS

The London rehearsals for the Norwich Musical Festival commenced on Tuesday, and will continue until this (Saturday) afternoon. These rehearsals are more particularly for the principal vocalists and the orchestra, for the chorus do not take part in them. The choir have, indeed, been rehearsed at Norwich itself, but the only opportunity available for rehearsal of the full Festival force is on Monday. This system of restricting the rehearsals for seven concerts to a single day has called forth much and well-deserved criticism. There are, however, signs that Festival Committees will in the matter of rehearsals be obliged in the future to be a little more generous than they have been in the past.

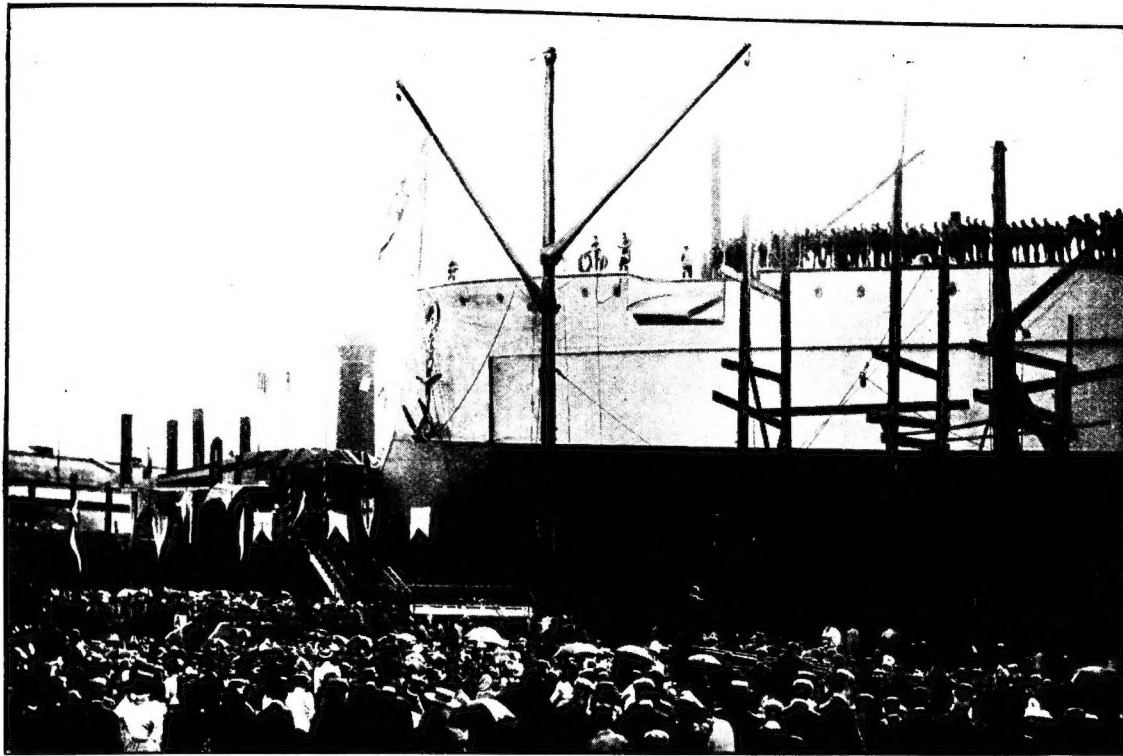
Sir Arthur Sullivan's new light opera will, it is expected, very shortly be placed in rehearsal at the Savoy, although this does not by any means indicate that the popularity of *H.M.S. Pinafore* is at all exhausted. The new Sullivan opera is set to a libretto by Mr. Basil Hood, and the scene, it seems, is laid in Persia, where a courtier, having by error taken a magic drug, dreams he is the Shah. When he comes to himself he still believes his vision to be a reality, and upon the confusion

which ensues the fun of the piece is based. Such, at any rate, according to report, is the central idea of the new piece, to which Sir Arthur Sullivan has, during the past few months, been engaged in setting music, avowedly of a somewhat lighter character than that in which he usually indulges. Among the recruits to the Savoy company will be Miss Yaw, the Californian soprano, and Miss Louie Pounds. A new comic opera, entitled *The Prince of Borneo*, by Mr.

A New Battleship

THE new battleship *London* was launched from Portsmouth Dockyard last week. The naming ceremony was performed by Lady George Hamilton. Among those present were Lord George Hamilton, Sir Francis and Lady Fitzwygram, the Mayor and Mayoress of Portsmouth, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Nowell Salmon, Admiral-Superintendent Aldrich, and Rear-Admiral Douglas (representing the Admiralty).

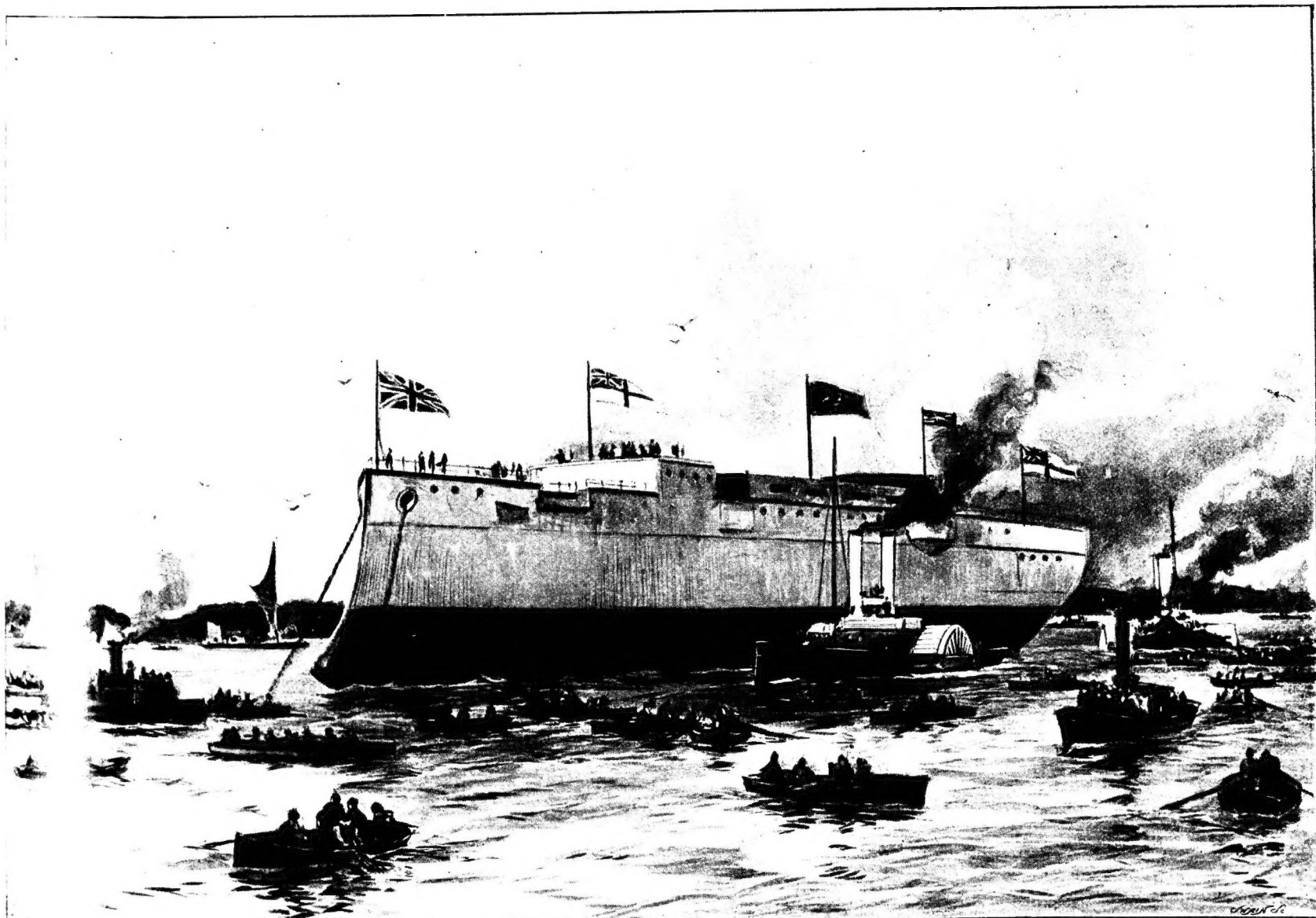
The *London* was laid down on Dec. 8, on the shipway from which the Queen launched the *Royal Arthur*. She has been built from the designs of Sir William White, Director of Naval Construction. She belongs to a class described as "improved *Formidables*," of which there are three being built, at Portsmouth, Chatham, and Devonport. Her principal dimensions are:—Length between perpendiculars, 400 ft.; length over all, 430 ft.; breadth, 75 ft.; displacement, 15,000 tons; mean draught 26 ft. 9 in. She will be propelled by twin screws, each driven by triple expansion engines of 7,500 horse-power, the steam being supplied by twenty independent water-tube boilers of Belleville type. The machinery is supplied by the Earle's Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, of Hull. The coal carried at mean draught will be 900 tons, though provision is made for the storage of twenty-one hundred tons. Her armouring resembles that of the *Formidable*, except for one important modification, the armour of the *London* being continued right forward to meet the special plating on the bow, and being treated by the improved Harvey process. The side armour is nine inches thick and fifteen feet deep. The *London's* main armament will consist of four twelve-inch breach-loading wire guns of new and improved type, mounted in pairs fore and aft, and protected by thick armour shields. She will also carry twelve six-inch quick-firing guns of a new type, sixteen twelve-pounder quick-firers, besides smaller pieces for boat and field service, and six three-pounders in the two fighting tops, and eight Maxims. Four torpedo tubes will be fitted.



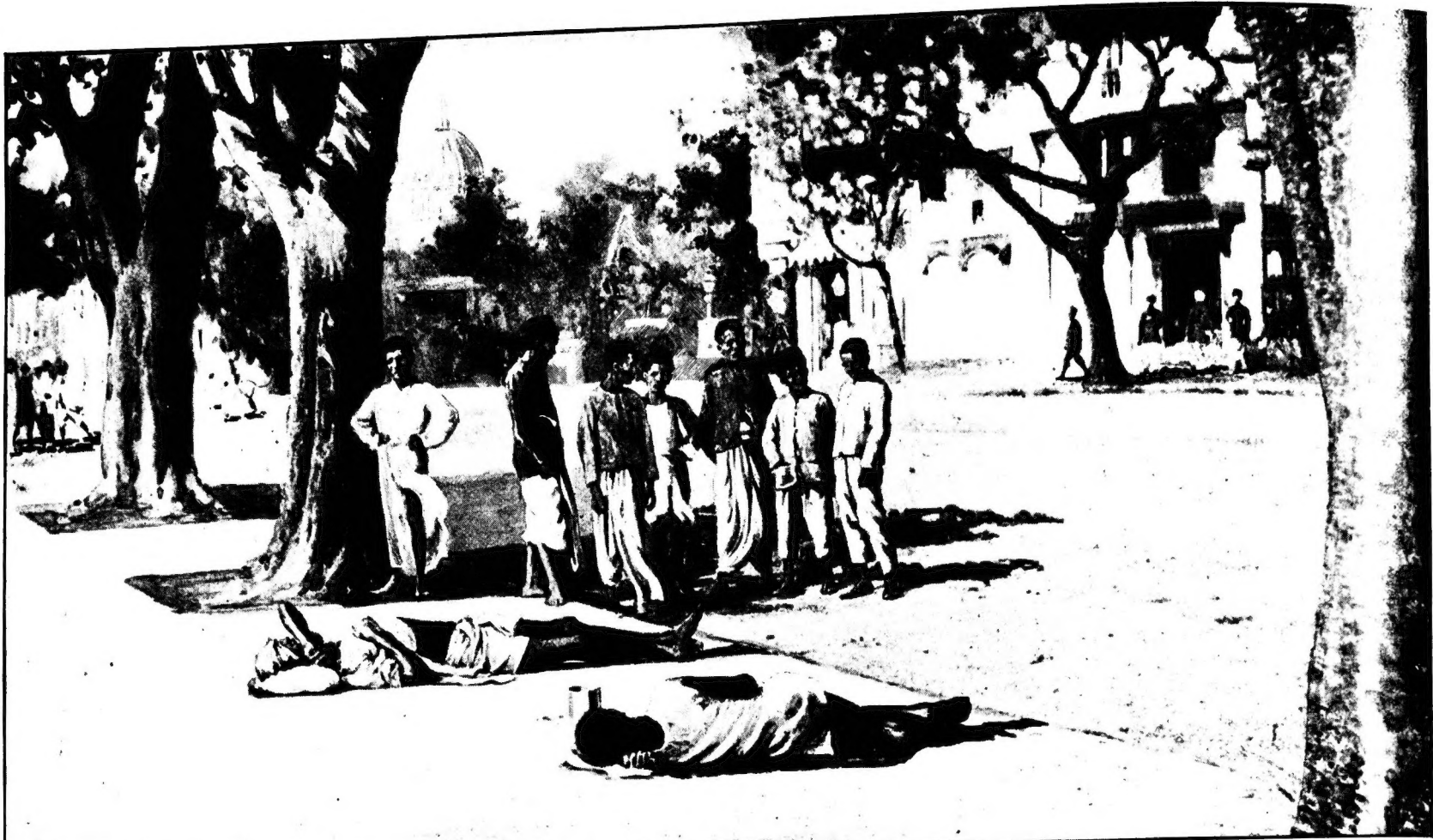
THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "LONDON": LEAVING THE SLIPS
From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Southsea

Edward Jones, will be produced at the Strand Theatre in the course of next week. In this piece, which has already had a run in Australia, it seems that an American artist poses as the nephew of a certain General, while his black servant pretends to be the Prince of Borneo. The scene will be laid in the South of France, at a meeting of the Russian and Italian fleets, and the principal part of the Prince of Borneo will fall to Mr. Frank Wheeler.

inches thick and fifteen feet deep. The *London's* main armament will consist of four twelve-inch breach-loading wire guns of new and improved type, mounted in pairs fore and aft, and protected by thick armour shields. She will also carry twelve six-inch quick-firing guns of a new type, sixteen twelve-pounder quick-firers, besides smaller pieces for boat and field service, and six three-pounders in the two fighting tops, and eight Maxims. Four torpedo tubes will be fitted.



THE LAUNCH OF H.M.S. "LONDON" AT PORTSMOUTH: THE NEW BATTLESHIP AFLOAT FOR THE FIRST TIME
DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON

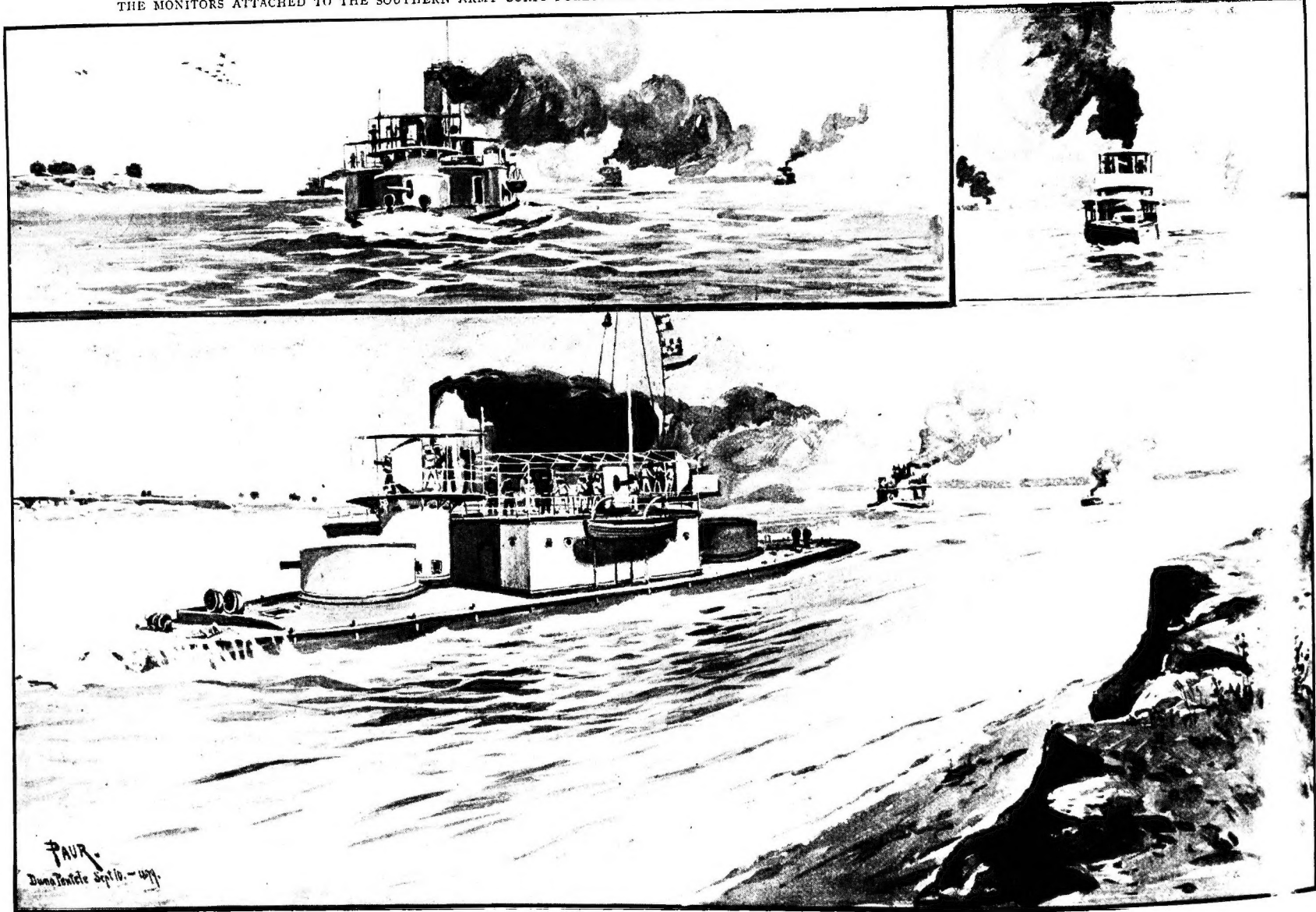


Lord Sandhurst, in a speech delivered the other day at Poona, said that in spite of the measures taken to combat the plague in Bombay, it was spreading, and that not only had they the plague in their midst, but owing to the failure of the monsoon, the grim visitor famine was staring at them. Europeans have been attacked by the disease, and a nurse has died from it. The scene represented in our illustration is from a photograph by Inspector H. A. Perry of the Bombay City Police, and is, unhappily, one too often to be witnessed in the streets where wretched plague-stricken natives are to be seen lying down until removed.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA: STRICKEN NATIVES IN THE STREET AT BOMBAY

THE MONITORS ATTACHED TO THE SOUTHERN ARMY CORPS FOLLOWING THE MONITOR "MAROS"

THE FIRST SHOT FROM THE PATROL BOAT



THE MONITORS "MAROS" AND "LEITHA" IN ACTION AGAINST THE FIELD ARTILLERY ON THE BANK

A novel experiment in manœuvring has just been tried in Hungary, on the Danube, near Duna-Pentele. For the first time the Danubian Monitor Fleet was manœuvred in connection with two Army Corps. The Monitor Fleet consisted of four monitors, one patrol-boat and a torpedo-boat, and two military transports. The two largest monitors, *Koros* and *Maros*, are each of 450 tons. The two other smaller ones, *Movras* and *Leitha*, are each 310 tons. Two of the monitors were attached, with the torpedo-boat, to the Southern Army

Corps, and the other two, with the patrol boat, to the Northern Army Corps. The task of the Northern Corps was the defence of Budapest, while the Southern Army had to cross the river and occupy the town. The manœuvres ended with the victory of the Southern Corps, who succeeded in building a bridge over the river under the protection of the monitors.

JOINT NAVAL AND MILITARY MANŒUVRES ON THE DANUBE: MONITORS ON THE RIVER

DRAWN BY GEZA PAUR



At the close of the Omdurman Campaign the Egyptian cavalry were distributed in various parts of the Sudan, to patrol the Nile banks and help in the work of administering the newly conquered country. Since the conclusion of hostilities the British officers have introduced the game of polo into the routine work of the Gippy trooper, and the innovation cannot fail to bear excellent results, and to develop in the Fellahs that dash and rapid action so essential to the cavalry soldier.

TRAINING EGYPTIAN CAVALRY: TEACHING THE TROOPERS TO PLAY POLO

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

The Court

ALTHOUGH chilly weather is setting in, the Highlands will be the headquarters of the Court for some weeks to come. The Queen will not be leaving till the middle of November, as Her Majesty always remains at Balmoral long after the other members of the Royal Family have turned southwards. Indeed, the Queen is especially fond of Balmoral in the autumn, enjoying the keen air, and the lovely autumn tints to be seen in her long daily drives. There is ample sport, too, in the Royal forests and rivers for the Princes either staying with Her Majesty or in the various Royal residences round Balmoral. Deer drives are frequent, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg going out with the Prince of Wales, while the Hereditary Princess makes driving excursions with the Queen and Princess Beatrice. Sometimes the Princesses ride when Her Majesty is calling on her neighbours—or the whole party meet at Abergeldie for tea. The Balmoral party has lost two of its number, the Prince of Wales going to Mar Lodge, and young Prince Alexander of Battenberg returning to school, but there are visitors every night to dinner. On Sunday the Queen and family attended Divine Service at Balmoral, Dr. Macgregor, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, officiating.

Bristol is delighted at the prospect of the Queen's visit to open the Royal Jubilee Convalescent Home at Redlands. Her Majesty has promised to come on November 15, and the city is planning grand decorations and illuminations.

Since Mar Lodge has been rebuilt, the Duke and Duchess of Fife are able to entertain large house parties. The Prince of Wales is now staying with his daughter and son-in-law, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark are also there, and Princess Victoria of Wales has come from Copenhagen to join the party, so that the three sisters are once more together. The Duke of Fife can give his guests capital sport, and the Duchess is still devoted to fishing. The family party breaks up at the end of next week, when the Prince of Wales comes South for the races at Newmarket. He will find a familiar landmark gone, for the cottage at Six-Mile Bottom, where the Prince has so often stayed with the Duke of Cambridge for the shooting, was totally burnt down on Saturday, owing to a spark from the chimney igniting the roof. On hearing of the fire the Prince telegraphed to inquire after Captain Howlett and a fireman who had been injured. The Prince is going to visit Lord Savile at Rufford Abbey, Notts, in November.

The Duke and Duchess of York have paid a long round of visits this autumn. After spending a week with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, at Gordon Castle, Banffshire, they are now staying with the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, at Drumlanrig Castle, some fifteen miles north of Dumfries. The Duke of Buccleuch hopes to give his guests some good sport, but at present the weather is very unfavourable on the Border, being cold and showery. The Royal children are still with the Queen.

Possibly the Princess of Wales will not be home before the end of next month. Since the death of her mother the Princess has spent as much time as possible with King Christian, who is wonderfully strong and well, despite his eighty years. Every day the Princess and her favourite sister, the Dowager Empress of Russia, go out walking with the King in the park at Bernstorff Castle or accompany him into Copenhagen. Owing to the double mourning for Queen Louise and the Tsarevitch George the family gathering at Bernstorff has been quieter than usual this year, but all King Christian's children and grandchildren have been there in turn. Only a few official dinners have been given, besides luncheons on board the yachts of the Russian and Greek Sovereigns. Bicycling has been the chief amusement, the Tsar, with his brother, the Tsarevitch Michael, and Prince Waldemar of Denmark, being especially energetic riders. The Tsar and Tsaritsa, with their children, were the first to leave, going to Kiel for a short visit to the Tsaritsa's sister, the Princess Henry of Prussia. Now they are staying with the Grand Duke and Duchess of Hesse at their hunting lodge, Wolfsgarten, near Darmstadt, the Tsaritsa being always delighted to revisit her childhood's home. The Imperial pair go home at the end of the month in time to entertain the German Emperor for some hunting at Grodno.

The new Egyptian donkey for the Queen, presented by Lord Kitchener, has reached England safely. It is a fine animal, nearly twelve hands high, is light iron-grey in colour, and is thoroughly good-tempered. Indeed, the children who were its fellow-passengers were delighted whenever the animal was let loose on board for exercise, as it was always ready to be petted. The donkey was captured at Atbara, and had belonged to an Arab Sheikh.

Another of the handsome Montenegrin Princesses is likely to be married—Princess Xenia. She is to be the bride of Prince Nicholas of Greece, third son of King George, and nephew of the Princess of Wales. Speaking of Royal weddings, the next function of the kind in England will be the marriage of the Duke of Orleans's sister, Princess Isabelle, to her cousin, Prince John, son of the Duc de Chartres. The Princess is to be married from her brother's home, York House, Twickenham. Another engagement in connection with our Royal Family, is that of the Duchess of Albany's youngest sister, Princess Elizabeth of Waldeck-Pyrmont, to Count Alexander of Habsburg-Schönburg, nephew by marriage to our Princess Beatrice.

The Royal Photographic Society

THIS, the parent of all the photographic societies which dot the country, is now holding its forty-fourth annual exhibition at Pall Mall, under the presidency of the Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford, and very creditable to all concerned in its inception it is. Not only have we here a collection of pictures the quality of which is above the average, but we are able to take note of new and interesting processes and to examine the results of a year's progress in the construction of photographic apparatus. Further, we are enabled to ascertain by noting those frames and appliances which bear the word "Medal" which of the exhibits have found favour in the eyes of a competent band of judges. As it is impossible to notice in detail all the exhibits, it will, perhaps, be as well to confine our attention to those which have been thus honoured.

It has until quite recently been the fashion to work with a lead pencil on the photographic portrait negative in order to eliminate blemishes in the skin which are brought into painful prominence by the too truthful lens. This "retouching" process has often been carried to such an extent that the face is robbed not only of its blemishes, but of the wrinkles and other markings which give the human countenance its character and expression. This is not done now by good photographers, who are able by improved lenses and plates to tone down deficiencies, and by careful lighting to represent a face at its best instead of its worst. Mr. Dudley Hoyts's "Head of an Old Man" is a fine specimen of the truthful rendering of a rugged countenance possible by modern methods.

Another medal goes to Mr. John H. Gash's "Summer Shades," a woodland scene of great beauty. The third medal is awarded to a



HIS HONOUR M. T. STEYN, PRESIDENT OF THE ORANGE FREE STATE
By permission of South Africa

singularly simple composition, "The Miller's Workshop," by Mr. W. T. Greatbatch, the beauty and technical excellence of which will be readily conceded by all who have handled a camera. "After Rain," another medallist picture, is a breezy seascape by Mr. Charles F. Inston, who has before exhibited some very fine studies of the same kind. He is wise enough to know that a fishing vessel, scudding before the wind on a choppy sea, contains all the necessary elements of a picture, and he knows, too, how to secure it.

The exhibition is very rich in architectural interiors, and the judges have picked out one of the best "In Wiltshire Church," by Mr. W. R. Bland, for recognition. They have also medalled a landscape, "Sunny Pastures," by Mr. Ernest G. Boon, albeit the diffusion of focus is somewhat too marked to please everyone's taste. A very beautiful still-life study, "Roses," by Mr. John M. Whitehead, brings the list of exhibits which have been medalled for their pictorial qualities to an end.

We have next to notice the picture of a female head and bust, which is described in the catalogue as "A Vignette in Two Colours," with the further information that the colouration has been brought about on a platinum base by local development with various solutions, the method being a purely photographic one which has been introduced by Messrs. Steiglitz and Keiley. That the judges think highly of the new process is evidenced by the circumstance that they have awarded it a medal. Certainly the effect produced is very fine, that of a carefully executed water-colour drawing, and if the process is of a nature that can be easily mastered, it ought to have a wide future before it.

The President of the Orange Free State

PRESIDENT MARTINUS THEUNIS STEYN, who has been at the head of the Transvaal crisis has caused himself and the Republic to be so much talked of during the week, is undoubtedly a strong man amongst the various forces of South Africa. He will be exactly forty-two years of age next, having been born on October 2, 1857, in the Orange Free State, the little town where was founded which the British Government recognised in 1854, and which has lasted till the present.

Mr. Steyn's father was a waggon-maker and was a daughter of the well-known Boer leader, a band of Dutch farmers who were schooled to the "Great Trek" just after Queen Victoria's birth. Mr. Poultny Bigelow, who some time ago was an interesting account of a visit to the Bloemfontein, related one of the President's stories concerning the Wessels. During one of the native wars the Boers, for reasons of prudence, forbade the importation of gunpowder into the Orange State. Mrs. Wessels, who was the usual tented waggon, drawn by sixteen oxen, and having sold their load bought gunpowder with the proceeds, and then, while the Wessels party were "out," that is to say, had turned their cattle out to graze for the day meal—they noticed a party of Cape police riding up.

presence of mind the wife took down from the waggon all the bags of gunpowder and piled them as close to the camp-fire as possible, without producing an explosion. Then the lady calmly seated herself on top of the gunpowder, and spread her skirts. "From what I have seen of skirts in the Transvaal," says Mr. Bigelow, "I can readily believe that good Mrs. Wessels was able to conceal from view on this occasion gunpowder enough to blow up the Castle of Heidelberg." Then she stirred the fire and welcomed the mounted police to the chops she was assiduously stirring on her gridiron. The visitors, evidently under urgent orders, searched the big waggon thoroughly, satisfied themselves that this time, at least, no powder was smuggled, and at last, baffled, rode away over the veldt. The old lady, whose resource was thus successful, was in the habit of saying to her sons: "You are free men; see to it that you remain free."

As a boy the present President had a healthy farm life, which no doubt helped to give him his fine physique. He was a good football player at school, handy with his fists, a good rider, and a good shot; he was but eleven years of age when he knocked over his first springbok. He grew up both clever and strong, reaching a height of fully six feet with breadth in proportion. Mr. Bigelow says of him: "The whole expression of his face is eminently that of harmony and strength. His nose is a strong one, but not, as in Paul Kruger's case, an exaggerated feature of the face. Both Presidents have the large ears characteristic of strong men, and both are broad between the cheek bones. The old head of President Steyn gives him so great an aspect of dignity that I was much surprised at learning he was not yet forty years old. His ample forehead adds to this dignity, and he has also, from much reading over books, allowed one or two folds of skin to show upon his upper eyelids."

Young Steyn was educated at the College of Bloemfontein, where both Dutch and English text-books are used. An nineteen he went to Europe, on the advice of Mr. Justice Buchanan, to study law, and spent the succeeding years until he was twenty-five partly in Holland and partly in England. He says his American admirer, "Steyn," subjects of Queen Victoria had their political liberty protected quite as well as those in the so-called republics of the Court of his native State, became Attorney-General and a judge. Before that he had married a Miss proved an excellent helpmeet.

An Afrikaner of pronounced ability and high Steyn found the tide of his fortune at the flood when the Presidency in the early days of 1896, immediately Jameson Raid. That event undoubtedly stood him enabling him to beat an excellent competitor in (Fraser) by six to one. On his inauguration in the now holds, he used very notable language, from which we extract the following sentences:—

"Here in the Free State, where we have raised Republicanism, and will continue to uphold that true Republic principles, where from all quarters come to us, is it not a glorious task to incorporate with us, and amalgamate them in one Republic? Shall we, as sensible men, allow a wretched feeling of race hatred into our hearts? Or shall we allow us a hair's-breadth out of the path our fathers have followed, which leads to peace, friendship, and... Here we have the Free State, situated in the heart of South Africa, surrounded by States and Colonies, our duty to evoke from them a spirit of union for the foundation of a unity for which every right-thinking man should desire."

A pity President Steyn should take so dubious a course to such a desirable goal!

The Strategy of a Boer Campaign

By CHAS. S. LOWE

Is the event of this country the ultimate Redvers Buller is the seat of the Boer Government and the base of its forces. Our possession of distance in the collapse, for the Boers must have the reason that the Boers are well aware they would take the capital with a ring of five forts, Pretoria, the objective of the campaign. But there are several days are available to them naturally form the lines of communication, for the transport of supplies, if not of an army, those lines Sir Redvers Buller could avail himself of.

No. 1 is the Town and Port Elizabeth lines, uniting at De Aar and leading to the Orange River, forming the southern frontier of the Free State, the distance to Pretoria is about 400 miles, which is just the distance from London to Edinburgh. In possession of every available position for defence, the Boers would gradually fall back before our superior forces, but at the same time wear us out, especially as we should also have to leave behind detachments to cover the railway so that we should be hampered by the same drawbacks here as in the case of route No. 1. Routes 1 and 2 afford the Boers the best opportunities for concentrating.

Line No. 2 is the railway up through the Free State via Bloemfontein. From the Orange River, forming the southern frontier of the Free State, the distance to Pretoria is about 400 miles, which is just the distance from London to Edinburgh. In possession of every available position for defence, the Boers would gradually fall back before our superior forces, but at the same time wear us out, especially as we should also have to leave behind detachments to cover the railway so that we should be hampered by the same drawbacks here as in the case of route No. 1. Routes 1 and 2 afford the Boers the best opportunities for concentrating.

Line No. 3 is the railway from Durban via Ladysmith and Newcastle, about 300 miles, which runs for 200 miles through a friendly country, and is, therefore, safe—civilian co-operation being sufficient to safeguard the route. From Ladysmith in Natal a line branches out to Harrismith in the Free State, and a detachment of our troops sent in this direction would threaten the flank of any force of Free Staters sent north to assist the Transvaal Boers. Our utilisation of this line of advance would expose the northward marching Free Staters to the danger of leaving the southern part of their country, and, above all, their capital, unprotected.

Number 4 is the line from Durban to Pretoria—length about 250 miles, of which fifty are in Portuguese territory, so that 200 would have to be covered. Of this route the chief advantage is its shortness. Pretoria would soonest be reached—though the march would be the best part of a month—and the war would be at once over and cheaper than by the adoption of any other line of advance. Our base would be our navy. The position of this route would be at the same time a guard Cape Colony and Natal by cutting off the Boers to concentrate on their northern frontier. Halfway between Pretoria and Delagoa Bay there is a range of hills, which is very favourable to the Boers; but this is partly counterbalanced by the fact that the high ground is intersected by a considerable number of lateral valleys favourable to our part.

Pretoria being our chief objective of the war, the Free Staters must be prevented, if possible, from joining a junction with their brethren in the Transvaal, and the best way of doing this would be to threaten their flank. This could easily be done by our detachment of force from Ladysmith by neglecting this we would lay their own flank open. The Free Staters, being thus in check, the British could advance via Harrismith and threaten the flank of the Transvaal Boers, and resist the British main body advancing on Delagoa Bay.

Thus, our campaign would resolve itself into something like this:—A Division of our troops would guard the Free State frontier, and another advanced guard would be sent to Delagoa Bay, and a large force of troops would be required with this Corps to repair the damage which the Boers



CAPTAIN BARRY DREW
Awarded the Royal Humane Society's Medal



THE LATE VENERABLE E. A. SALMON
Archdeacon of Wells



THE LATE MR. EDWARD CASE
Famous for his system of groyning for sea defence

voluntary permission of the Roumanians, whose hands were simply forced by the Russians—*coacti v. luerunt*; and though the former ultimately became the allies of the intruders, this was because they had been denounced as rebels by the Turks for merely submitting to the *force majeure* of the Muscovites.

SKETCHES AT DURBAN

At Durban, where our troops are being landed, there is a large sand bank at the entrance of the harbour. This cannot be crossed by large ships unless the sea is calm. Passengers, therefore, usually disembark on to tug-boats or lighters in a very similar way to horses or merchandise. A large wicker basket is provided with a door and one seat, and about ten or twelve passengers are squashed into this. After a little swing the basket is lowered

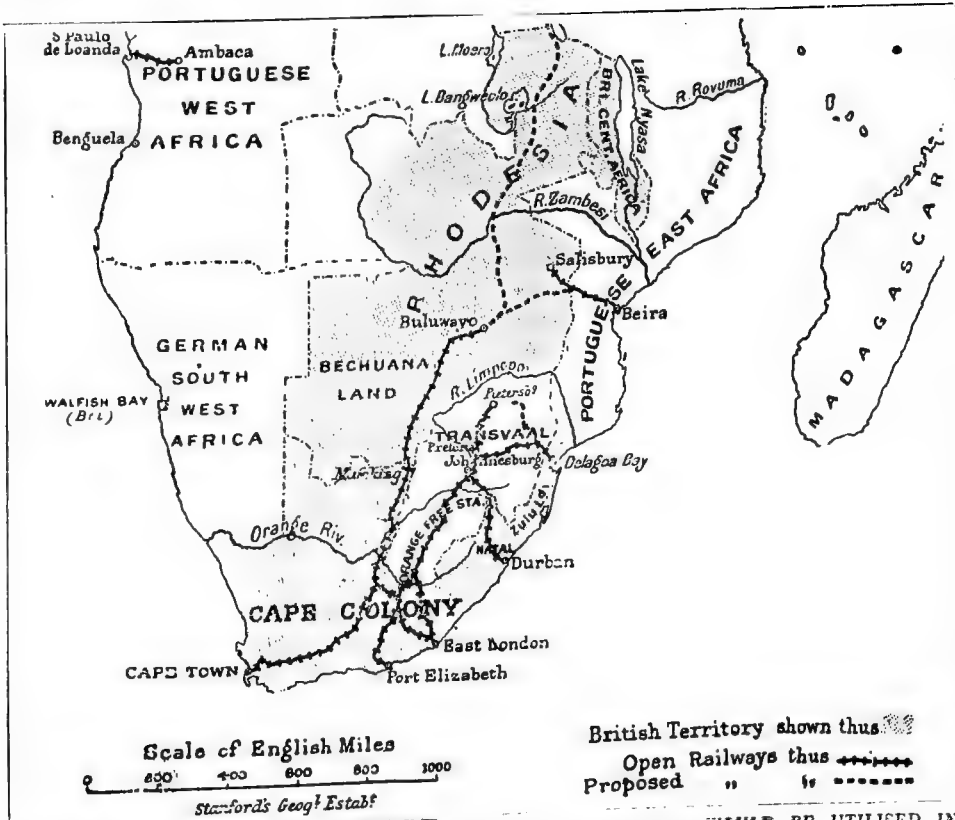
on to the tug, the door is opened, and the passengers are freed. Durban is not a large town, but the temperature is, as a rule, very high, so that Europeans avoid walking as much as possible. Small carriages called jinrickshas have been provided; they are on two wheels, drawn by Zulus, powerful fellows with immense limbs; they decorate their heads most fantastically with tullocks' horns tied on to a white wig, and various other decorations. They can trot along at four or five miles an hour, and are always most cheery and smiling. These carriages were introduced from Japan, as their name implies.

Our Portraits

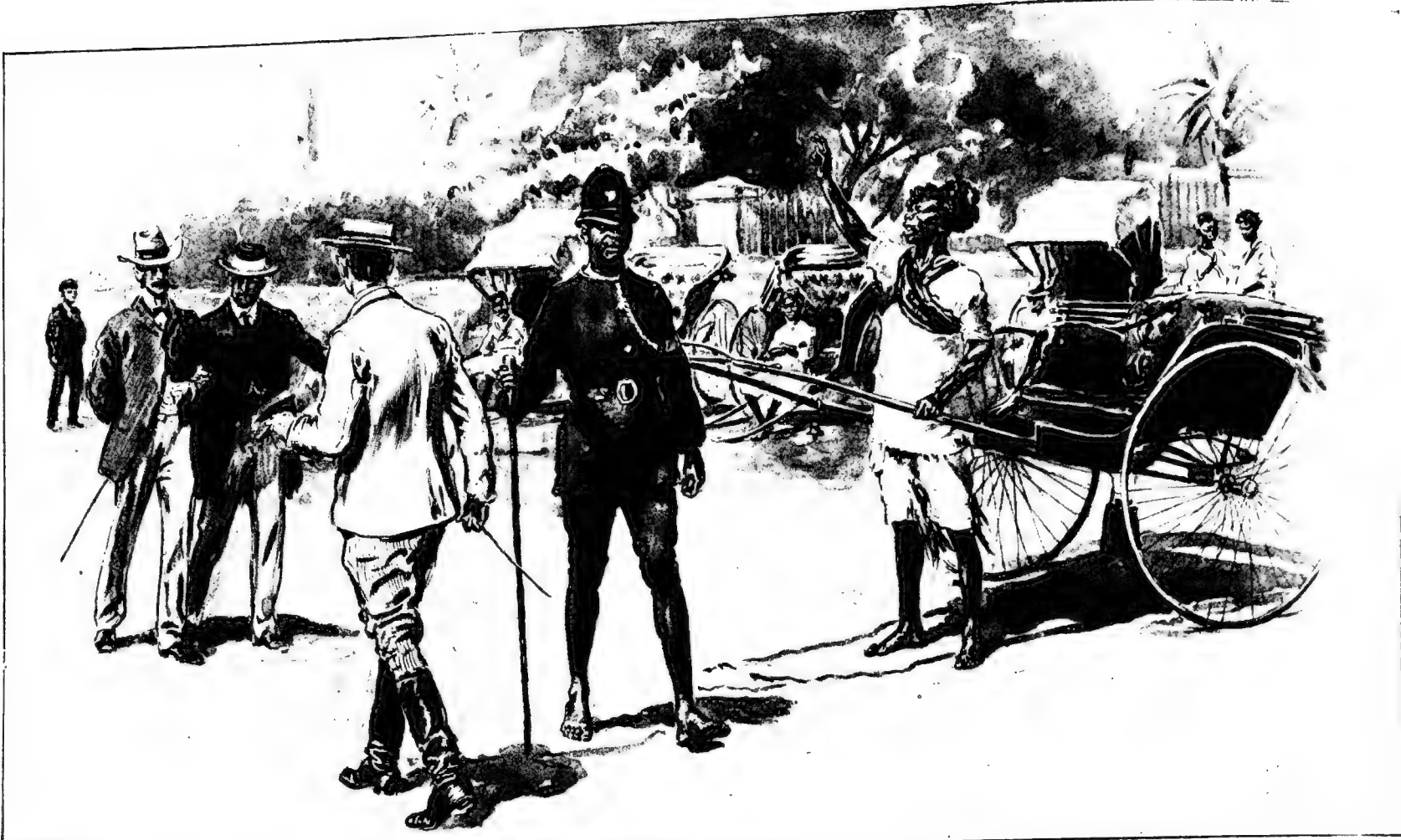
THE death of Mr. Edward Case, the well-known civil engineer, which occurred last Saturday, came as a great shock to his friends. He had attended the deliberations of the British Association at Dover last week, and was down to read a paper. When the time came, however, he was too ill to read it, and returned to his home at Dymchurch on Thursday. On Saturday afternoon he was found dead in his bed. Mr. Case came of a well-known Kentish family. His father was town clerk of Maidstone, and that post is now held by a brother of Mr. Case. Mr. Case made his name as an engineer by his system of groyning for sea defence. He was appointed expeditor of Romney Marsh Level in 1890. The sea wall was then in a very dangerous condition. The low-water mark had in a little less than twenty years advanced 400 feet, although large sums of money had been spent in maintaining the wall. Mr. Case recommended a system of groyning, but the authorities feared the cost would be too great, and tried other methods. Other engineers were called in, and more money to the extent of 20,000*l.* was laid out on the various works, but it was all in vain, and in the end Mr. Case was asked to carry out his system. As the result there are now 170 groynes varying in length and extending for ten miles, and the low-water mark has been thrown back even below its old limit. Mr. Case's success in this instance brought a deal of work, and he was called to advise in many places round the coast—at Eastbourne, Folkestone, Deal, Cromer, Lowestoft, and several other towns. Our portrait is by Maull and Fox, Piccadilly.

The Venerable Edwin Arthur Salmon, Archdeacon of Wells, who died last week, at his residence Brent-Knoll Vicarage, near Weston-super-Mare, was in his sixty-seventh year. He had been broken down in health for some time, and returned home from Malvern about a month ago in a serious condition. Archdeacon Salmon was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and was ordained deacon in 1855, and priest in 1856. He was curate of Christian Malford, Wilts, from 1855 to 1859, when he was appointed Vicar of Martock, Somerset. In 1888 he was transferred to the rectory of Weston-super-Mare. In 1874 he was appointed Prebendary of Buckland Dinham in Wells Cathedral. In 1897 he was appointed Archdeacon of Wells, and Prebendary of Huich and Brent, and became Rector of Brent-Knoll last year. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

An interesting ceremony took place last Sunday, immediately after Divine Service, in the Military Chapel, Fulford, York, the occasion being the presentation of the Royal Humane Society's Medal for Saving Life to Captain Barry Drew, of the Prince of Wales's Own (West Yorkshire) Regiment. The medal has been awarded under the following circumstances. On June 24 last, while out boating on the River Ouse, Captain Drew saw a boat turn over with two men in it, neither of whom could swim. Although an indifferent swimmer, Captain Drew at once plunged in in his clothes and succeeded in rescuing one of the men, the other being drowned. At the time one of the gallant officer's knees was practically stiff, having been strapped up on account of an accident. Our portrait is by Mee Ching, Hong Kong.



MAP SHOWING THE RAILWAY LINES IN SOUTH AFRICA WHICH WOULD BE UTILISED IN THE EVENT OF WAR



ONE OF THE FIRST SIGHTS ON LANDING : THE JINRICKSHAW, OR DURBAN CAB



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. D. S. 11

ONE METHOD OF DISEMBARKING FROM A LINER
THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: SCENES AT DURBAN, WHERE THE REINFORCEMENTS FOR NATAL ARE DISEMBARKED



FROM A SKETCH BY H. EGERSDORFER

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: BESIEGING A RECRUITING STATION AT CAPE TOWN

must be thoroughly sound physically, and only trained mounted men are accepted. As soon as the medical examination has been passed, the men are despatched to the frontier to join the force

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: BESIEGING A RECRUITING STATION AT CAPE TOWN

The management of Drury Lane have hardly received due credit for the new arrangements devised for the comfort and convenience of these enthusiasts who wait patiently at the doors on first night and on other occasions. The most conspicuous feature is the plate-glass covered passage entered from the main gallery entrances. The outside front of the lobbies within have been redecorated. Meanwhile, the circular vestibule has been converted into art galleries, which change between the acts.

A great deal of Mr. Dennis's "thunder" has been heard in the theatres of late—at least if one goes to the dramatists and novelists who have hastened to claim the credit of being the original inventors of certain sensational incidents in recent productions of the stage. Several persons affirm that before Mr. Dennis's play, *Hearts are Trumps*, was produced, they had tied their heroine to their gallows, and kept them on slippery rocks, and looking awful precipices. In the music-hall, too, in Mr. Raleigh's play has also, if we may so call it another complainant, been anticipated. Meanwhile another writer is so confident in the comic "right of way scene" in the new opera at the ADELPHI is, as Mr. Dennis would say, "my thunder," that he has instructed his solicitor to "take steps." What a judge would say to this claim to copyright in ideas remains to be seen. The difficulty is that it is practically impossible to invent any sort of dramatic situation which has not at some time, or in some form, been anticipated.

Patrons of the Gaiety, who are grieving over the approaching demolition of that popular playhouse, are finding consolation in the official announcement that the new house, which is to rise from its foundations only a few yards from the present site, will be handsomer and more commodious than its predecessor. The Gaiety, as compared with its neighbours DREYFUS LANE, LYCEUM, and MOULDER, may be regarded as a recent addition to the list of London playhouses; but it has gathered many interesting associations, and will take a prominent place in the annals of our stage during the last thirty years. It was first opened on December 21, 1866. It is worth noting that this will be the fourth of the new theatres that have disappeared. The other three are the QUEEN'S, in Long Acre; the HOLBORN, afterwards the MIRROR and the DUKE'S; and TOOLEY, previously known as the CHARING CROSS and the HOLLY.

With a thoughtful consideration for playgoers who have to catch late trains, Mr. Broadway Tree has made a further reduction of the dialogue in *King John* by cutting out the spirited scene between Hubert and the Poet in Act IV. The curtain now falls upon this magnificent Shakspearean revival at eleven o'clock.

Among the other attractions of the PALACE Theatre visitors are now to see in action a faithful reproduction of the grotesque and dramatic scenes in *King John* as performed at the MAJESTY'S. This, we need hardly say, is one of the wondrous biograph.

Sir Henry Irving, after his return from his new historical and sombre historical Bartholomew, murdered, is the subject of the tragedy *Les Huguenots*. part of the tragedy Ellen Terry Mar

Wheels Within to be succeeded by *Family*. It is when it will be seriously fanciful this house a few

The Comic Football Season

PROFESSIONAL football season will, having awaited the close of the cricket season, with considerable impatience, has been in progress at least a month; the amateur season cannot be expected to begin before this Saturday or next. It has, for some time customary, especially among those who cannot help regretting the ascendancy of football which the professional has gained, to regard the beginning of the amateur season as the beginning of the amateur season is due to its greater importance, and to the date of the professional's season is due to the professional's need of filling his pockets. One may doubt, however, whether the ascendancy which public takes this view. The ascendancy which professional football has gained has not come to its end. It is still going on, and there are already signs that this season is not likely to see its intermission. Some judges by the number of



Captain Dreyfus, since his arrival at Carpentras, has at last seen his children. The first interview affected him so deeply that he was prostrated with nervous exhaustion during the entire day. The children, Pierre and Jeanne, are described as being intelligent and charming. Neither of them knows anything of their father's terrible story. The boy is to be told it, but the little girl is considered too young to understand it. Our illustration is from a photograph by Leon Bouet, Paris.

THE CHILDREN OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS IN THE GARDEN AT CARPENTRAS

THE CHILDREN OF CAPTAIN DREYFUS IN THE GARDEN AT CARPENTRAS

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people present at the football matches already played this year, it becomes evident that the public has accepted the quick change from the summer to the winter game with something more than resignation, and is already prepared to be nearly as excited about League Championships as about Test Matches. Nor is this feeling, although one may decline to sympathise with it, altogether without justification. Speaking the other day to one of the best known International football players who ever represented England, the present writer asked him whether he thought the growth of professionalism had damaged Association football as a game. The answer was rather unexpected. Said the International:—"I think that in science the game has improved. I am sure it has in determination. I know that when I was playing with the Corinthians the professionals always gave us the best games. With amateur teams the play was patchy; we had some 'soft' times during the progress of the match. But when we played against the best pro-

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The villa where Captain Dreyfus and his relatives are staying is situated at about ten minutes' walk from Carpentras, and quite away from the town. A long, straight avenue, planted with fine old trees, leads to the property. At first detectives were told off to protect the house from hostile demonstrations, and were to be seen patrolling in front of the house. But finding that their services were not needed they have left, and two police officials have taken their place. Our illustration is from a photograph by Leon Bouet, Paris

DETECTIVES WATCHING CAPTAIN DREYFUS'S HOUSE AT CARPENTRAS

essional teams we were kept going hard from start to finish, and that in my opinion is the best football."

That, there is little doubt, is also the football public's opinion. The desirability of professionalism is not disposed of by stigmatising the players as "hired gladiators." The public is satisfied if the gladiators make a good fight of it; and in so far as that gladiator's existence depends on it there is every reason to believe that when two professional teams meet, not only does the public see scientific football, but it witnesses a contest in which each side is quite as genuinely anxious to win as if the game were the Universities' match at Queen's Club. "What has been wrong in the administrative aspect of the game," again to quote our International, "has been the fact that we have let the professionals legislate and assume control of the game."

The danger which at present threatens this domination is the fact that last year England was beaten all round by the three countries, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, and in point of success achieved sank nearly to the lowest point which has been reached since International Rugby Football was instituted. The cry was immediately raised that England could not expect to win against the other countries of the Union while only a part of England was playing, and the great football counties of Yorkshire and Lancashire were contributing no representatives. This year the "Yorkshire forward" will again be an absentee, for the Northern Professional Union, which has been playing matches for the last four weeks, shows no signs of weakening. Consequently the Rugby Football world is again face to face with the prospects of a repeated defeat in the international tournament. The defeat may not be inflicted. It must always be remembered that if England is debarred from playing her full strength because the northern part of the country is professional, the same restriction applies to Ireland, Scotland and Wales, which can win championships nevertheless.

Our Special Correspondent

IN view of the probability of war being declared between this country and the Transvaal the proprietors of *The Graphic* and *The Daily Graphic* have despatched Mr. W. T.

in Africa to act as their special artist-correspondent. Last week in the Castle Line ss. *Tintagel Castle*. To *Graphic* he hardly needs introduction, as during the years his sketches and drawings have appeared so con- tinuously. Mr. Maude's first foreign service for *The Graphic* was at the end of 1895, when he went out to Constantinople. Turkey was at its height, and the Powers were pressing the Sultan to redress the grievances under which the Armenians were suffering. After a visit to Bulgaria Mr. Maude returned in February, 1896, and served as special artist for *Graphic* during the naval manœuvres of that year. In August he set out to Crete, and his sketches, published in our pages, gave an excellent idea of the condition of the islanders who were then in revolt against the Turks. He then visited Greece and Constantinople, and travelled through Asia Minor. The eyes of all Europe were at the time directed to the East of the world, because of the ghastly stories of the massacres of Armenians that had filled the newspapers. Mr. Maude travelled right through the country in disguise, and sent home deeply interesting sketches and accounts of his perilous journey. Hardly was that expedition over before he accompanied the Crown Prince of Greece to the front when war had been declared between Greece and Turkey. The story of that war, as told by Mr. Maude in his sketches, was pitiful, for he was on the losing side, and saw the helpless and hopeless attempts of the Greeks to withstand the Turks in the field.

A month or so after the close of the Greco-Turkish War found Mr. Maud on his way to the front in the Soudan—not on the losing side this time. After the bombardment of Metemneh the Sirdar sent back the newspaper correspondents, and Mr. Maud went across the desert to Suakim, where he shipped for India, and went straight to the North-West frontier, where he came in for the end of the Tirah Campaign, being present at the taking of the Tanga Pass. He also followed the Buner Campaign, and on his way home made a study of the plague at Bombay. Next we come to the final campaign in the Soudan, of which Mr. Maud's sketches will doubtless be well remembered, especially those of the battle of Omdurman. His last service was during the riots in Milan, whither he had gone—not on business bent—but for his honeymoon! Enough has been said to show that Mr. Maud, though still a young man, is an old campaigner. Readers of *The Graphic* will know that if war should unfortunately break out, they will be well served in the way of pictures from the front by our special artist.



THE NAVY
By George E. Bissell



THE ARMY
By F. Wellington Ruckstuhl

TO WELCOME ADMIRAL DEWEY: TRIUMPHAL ARCH TO BE ERECTED IN MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

AMONG the elaborate preparations in New York that are being made to welcome Admiral Dewey on his return home is a scheme which emanated from the National Sculpture Society. The members of this have offered their services to the city authorities without charge in preparing designs for the embellishment of the city. The proposal was accepted, and the scheme took the form of a triumphal arch in Madison Square, it being thought better to "centralise the artistic effort." Twenty-eight members of the National Sculpture Society have been busily working at the arch. The architect of the scheme is Mr. Charles R. Lamb. He took as his model the arch of Titus, but has introduced many modifications. Each of

the sculptors executed a small model of his part of the decoration of the arch. This was cast in plaster, and then enlarged by assistants employed at the expense of the city. This work was done in the Madison Square Gardens. The statues are being enlarged in "stuff," a process by which are secured great rapidity of execution, sufficient artistic treatment for the purpose, and enough durability to outlast the statue's short existence. A framework of wood is first built up. The broad shoulders and deep chest, even the general curves of the legs, are approximately reproduced by cunning adjustment of bars of wood. Over this is nailed wire netting, in which still

closer approximation to the correct shape can be obtained. It affords, also, a tightly gripping surface upon which to lay the outer shell of quick-drying plaster. The "stuff," steeped in a solution of plaster, is hung around the leg of a figure, and as it stiffens, forced into the requisite folds. As the work proceeds more plaster of Paris, of a consistency of thin paste, is laid over the whole figure. It dries quickly, and then, with a sort of chisel-hammer, the finishing touches are given. Nothing could be more rough-and-ready than the method, and yet, in skilful hands, it can produce with considerable fidelity the spirit of the sculptor's model.



Our artist, describing San Fernando, which had just been occupied by the Americans, says:—"A walk through the town showed that it consisted of two or three rows of houses or huts stretching away in one street for a mile or so. Here and there a soldier more or less in a state of undress lounged over the open side of a hut with parts of his clothing hanging in the sun, and other men might be seen completing the haphazard arrangement of quarters by carrying thither a chair, table, couch, or cupboard, whatever seemed to have struck their fancy"

WITH THE AMERICANS IN THE PHILIPPINES: IN THE PLAZA AT SAN FERNANDO AFTER ITS OCCUPATION

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.



WINEFRED: A STORY OF THE CHALK CLIFFS

By S. BARING-GOULD. Illustrated by EDGAR BUNDY, R.I

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

Her mother did not press her. She knew the ways of her child, knew that her heart was full, and that she feared to speak lest she should expose herself and distress her mother.

She resumed her work and allowed the food to remain on the table. Ever and anon she looked from the stocking she was knitting at the girl seated with her back to the wall.

Jane Marley had not changed her style of dress with her altered circumstances. She wore the same plain stuffs simply put together as heretofore, but her face had undergone a change; it had become harder, more lined, more gloomy.

After a quarter of an hour passed in silence, and the situation had become irksome, Mrs. Marley said, "Winnie, this will not do. Something has happened to offend you. Are you angry because you have not had a dance?"

"I do not wish to dance. I would not dance with one of them."
 "Why not? Is it because you are above them?"
 "It is because I will not touch the hand or speak in friendly
 words to those who are wicked."

"It is because I will not touch the unclean," said Jesus, "in any way with any one who says that you are wicked."

"I am not haughty. I care nothing for my smart dress. You know, mother, that I was against putting one on. It is not that."

"This cannot go on. I have had a talk with Mrs. Jose; she thinks that there must be a change."

"Let there be a change. Let them acknowledge that you are an honest woman."

"There is nothing for it," said Jane hastily, and her hands trembled: "but this—you must go to school."

"To school!"

"No, of course not."

"Well, then, you are the most wonderful mother that ever was. Once you would have thrown me over the cliffs——"

“No more of that.”

"Because you could not bear to be parted from me."

"Because you could not bear to be parted from me."

"Now it is necessary. Mrs. Jose thinks so—I feel it."
 "I will not go."
 "You must go. It will be for your good. You are to be brought up as a lady. I have been turning it over in my head, and see that it must be so. You are too good for these clods, and not good enough for gentlefolk. You must be set to learn the manners of those with whom you will associate."

"I do not wish to leave you, mother."

"You will have to do so. It is I, not you, who will suffer. You will be among young people, and share their games, and learn their lessons. I shall sit here knitting, thinking, my head turning and my heart aching—alone."

"You must not be alone."

"My child. It is my place to think for you, and to endure what must be for your benefit. The time will arrive when you will be married. You have been made to feel in a fashion what it means to stand alone, and to have no man by you to fight your battles. There is no farm lad you would take, and no gentleman who would take you."

"But, mother, my father had no such thoughts."

"And what came of it? He deserted me because I did not belong to his class. It would be the same with you—and that shall never, never be." Her face became darker, sterner. "I have known what desertion means. I once loved and trusted, and tied

up all my hopes to one man. And for nineteen years I have eaten out my heart in wrath and resentment because I have been forsaken. I have not slept, I have tossed on my bed, night after night; I have had a fire here, in my bosom, burning me, week after week, month after month, expecting, desiring, and never seeing him return, never hearing of him save that he had gone away, gone out of England, so as to be removed from me, put the wide ocean between us, lest I should go after him; and there, where he is, I doubt not he has found some other woman better suited to him than myself."

"But, mother, he is in England again."

"Yes—in England, but will not return to me. You he may receive, but me—never. And I did him no wrong—never, never, in word or act or deed. Only I was a poor, ignorant, and common girl—that was my sole wrong."

Her fingers worked rapidly. "I have no hope, no care for myself. All I think or hope for concerns you. Winefred, I would throw you over the cliffs rather than that should happen to you which was my lot. You must learn to become that which I never was and never could have been, and so you will not only find a husband, but also keep him."

"I do not wish to be married."

"Marry you must. You cannot stand alone. You are a well-grown and a handsome girl, but unless you have education all that does more harm than good. I was—so all said—a very handsome girl, and what came of it? I caught the fancy of a gentleman, and he married me—whether it was a right and good marriage or not I do not know, but I have begun to think it must have been good and holding, or he would not have run away so far to escape from me. After a while he grew cool, and shook me off, shook himself free of me as Samson shook off the cords of flax as though burnt with fire wherewith the Philistines had bound him. He never came near me again."

"But, mother, you say that it is he who is finding the money for buying this house and for my education as a lady."

Mrs. Marley looked down suddenly, and her colour deepened. She did not answer directly, but after some pause, said, in a hesitating manner, "He has not come near me. He may care for you, because he can make a lady of you, but for me he cares not, he can make nothing now of me. It is too late. If you get a husband who is a gentleman, you must be able to hold him fast. He will not run away from you if you have money and retain the purse, but, above all—not if you have education. It was not because I was poor, but because I was untaught that he left me. It has been as a worm in my brain. To school you must go, and so escape that misery which would be yours if, like me, you were no scholar."

"Oh mother! If I must go away, do you come also. You cannot be happy here."

"I cannot leave now. I have bought this house. I hold to what is mine. As to the people and what they say, I heed them not. It frets me only when it hurts you. There is nothing they can say or do that will either lift me up or cast me down. I must bear my woes."

"Are you really unhappy, mother?"

"I am what I am. Do not concern yourself about me. I have my sorrows and my shame. You are free. What they say falls on me, not on you, and I wish that you should be away from their chatter and their fangs. You have a future, I have none. Me they are welcome to tread and knead into the dirt if only you go unspotted. My life has not been so happy that I care what befalls me in what remains of it. I value it only for you. But your life is just opening like a June rose, and I must shelter it from the wind. Understand me, Winnie, whilst you are here, you are the butt of every girl who is inclined to be spiteful. Where all seek to hurt you cannot escape without bruises. When you are elsewhere you will make new friends, get into another class, and begin a fresh life that I do not understand, but this is what I have set my heart upon, and this is the ambition that fills me."

Winefred stood up, flew to her mother, and they were locked in each other's embrace, sobbing on each other's shoulder.

High as heaven, deep as hell is mother's love, self-effacing, capable of all self-sacrifice; and infinitely tender, clinging is that of the child to the mother, when that child has neither brother nor sister, nor father on whom love may be dissipated.

Jane Marley was the first to recover herself.

"Dear child," she said, "I live but for you—and for that very reason I part with you. I send you away."

"I will go," answered Winefred through her tears.

Then she departed to her room. Her mother had appointed for her that recently occupied by the captain, but it had been ceiled, renovated, transformed, and turned into a bright and pretty bedroom fit for a girl.

She extinguished her candle. She did not undress and go to bed. She sat at the casement.

The room was warm. It was above the parlour, in which the fire burned all day. There was no necessity for artificial light, as the moon shone brightly.

Sitting at the window, she looked out on the chalk rocks dazzling white in the moon, then disappearing as a cloud passed over the face of the luminary; but again shortly to flash out again. Winefred looked indeed at these white prongs of rock, but she did not notice them.

The bitter expression had faded from her lips. Her brows were no longer knit; her hands were pressed to the temples, for her pulses throbbled painfully.

She was alone. But not so solitary as others might be, even as Jack Rattenbury. She had her mother to fly to, to rest upon, to hold in her arms, but he—poor lad, had none.

She regretted that she had spoken to him with harshness.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MOST HEARTILY

JACK went his way, dissatisfied with himself, with Winefred, with the whole world.

Why had the girl spoken to him, looked at him, defied him as she had done?

It was perhaps natural, reasonable, excusable, that she should

regard him with an unfriendly eye, in consequence of what was rumoured relative to her mother and his father.

If this story were baseless, as possibly it was, then both women must feel acutely having so gross an act of dishonesty laid to their charge, and be predisposed to look upon him as an instigator of the calumnies that had caused them intolerable annoyance.

That Winefred was wretched Jack had read in her face. He pitied her, and yet he was angry with her for the manner in which she treated him. If the women were innocent, he said to himself, they did not act in such a manner as to disarm suspicion.

And whether guilty or not they were not a pleasing couple, Jane Marley with her furious temper, Winefred with her pride. The world is a looking-glass. As is the face that you present to it, such is the face that looks back at you. Assuredly Winefred made no attempt by gentleness to win back for herself those who were alienated, not through any fault of her own doubtless, but because of the suspicion that dogged her mother. Had the girl possessed a good heart, would she have spoken to Jack as she had done?

"Bah!" said he aloud, as he kicked before him the flints that strewed the down and glistened in the moonlight, "bah! What is she to me? I will cast her out of my thoughts."

But it is sometimes easier to form a resolution than to adhere to it.

He found himself reverting incessantly to the picture of the frowning girl with clenched hands on her lap, seated in the barn, alone amidst many, or to her in the moonlight menacing him with the thorn branch.

So he walked back to the ferryman's cottage, and, avoiding conversation with Olver, threw himself on his bed. Dench had, indeed, sought to detain him by asking questions as to where he had been, whether he had obtained employment, and what he proposed for the morrow, but the boy answered that he was wearied and indisposed to talk.

"He will be brought to it yet," said the ferryman to himself. "Those Beer fellows, and, above all, David Nuttall, are a bit shy of me and suspect something. But if I have this greenhorn here, and can thrust him in among them, I shall know all their movements, and can sell them in a lump when I have a mind to."

Since the disposal of the house that had belonged to his father, Jack had not been up to it; he had avoided it. But on the morrow, after another day of ineffectual search after employment, towards evening he walked over the down at the head of the cliffs and descended to the undercliff where the cottage stood.

It had been renovated, and in part remodelled since its purchase. The walls had been whitewashed and the roof repaired. The fence before the house had been put to rights, and the little garden had been dug up. Brambles that had straggled across the path leading to it and overswaying boughs had been pruned back.

Jack looked at the house. It was certainly a pleasanter dwelling now than in his father's time. A house in which a woman is at once assumes a neatness and a charm which one occupied by man only does not and cannot possess.

A light sprang up in a window. Someone was within, and he saw the shadow of an arm upon the pane that was raised to draw a curtain. He beat a hasty retreat. He recalled how that on the preceding night Winefred had accused him of running after her. He was fearful of being seen near the house by someone either coming out of the door or approaching from the down. It would not be easy for him to account for his presence there. Winefred would be strengthened in her persuasion that he spied on her actions. Then the blood rushed to his temples. She might even conceivably suppose that he had taken a fancy for her, and that it was her charms that drew him to the house.

He!—he take a fancy to her!

He hurried away, not by the path lest he should encounter the girl or her mother, but through the bushes, and he stumbled over stones, and caught his foot in briars. He came upon the open space which he had been wont to regard as his garden, and where he had had a brush with Winefred. He stood still there and shook himself, but he could not shake off the thoughts of that girl. The air there was charged with the smell of decayed leaves and mouldering twigs. Every step was upon dead vegetation, and every tread brought out an exhalation of death.

In vain did he force his mind to other matters; it would turn with perverse persistency to Winefred, and he saw her in his fancy pursue him with an angry light in her eyes, and every branch that smote him seemed to him to be struck by her hand.

On the following day Dench absented himself and asked Jack to mind the ferry.

When he had put a passenger across he returned, slightly dipping the oars in the water, to fall into a dream and think of her. On that afternoon he heard a call from the Axmouth side, and on going from the cabin saw that Winefred was waiting to be put across.

He flushed crimson, and his heart fluttered. He was angry with himself for feeling excitement. He crossed and held out his hand to assist her on board, but she leaped into the boat unaided.

She took her place, and looked resolutely at the Chessil Bank, not once at him, nor did she open her mouth to speak.

Again, on reaching the shore, did he offer his hand, and she dropped into it a penny, but would not touch it.

In an hour she was back again, with some purchases she had made in Seaton. She looked him in the face now, but with a stony eye, and demanded to be put across.

Although whilst in the boat she would not look at him, yet he could see by her uneasy movements on the bench that she knew that he was watching her. He saw her bend her brows and purse her lips.

She left the boat hastily, casting the penny into it, and shortly after Jack saw that in her hurry she had neglected to take up one of her parcels. He hurried after her, caught her up, and presented it to her.

"I thank you," said she coldly. "Here is for your pains," and offered him twopence.

He coloured angrily and withdrew his hand.

"Take it," she said. "I refuse to be indebted to you for anything."

"I will not take it."

She threw the coppers on the ground and pursued her way.

Jack put his foot on them and ground them into the mud.

Occasionally he encountered her in a lane; when this was so he could see by her manner that if it were possible for her to slip

out of his way down a sidepath, she would do it; tossed her head and passed without a word.

However, on one occasion she halted, hesitated to speak—her lips moved; but she changed her mind, her course without a word.

One day the fancy took Jack Rattenbury. He had been formed when Mrs. Marley's cottage had all been removed that had been so. What induced Jack to go there, whether it was to ascertain what any alteration had taken place in its association of the place with the eventful night when from the preventive men drew him there, he did not know.

He crossed the estuary and sauntered along the beach, was elbowed and leaving on the pebbles with a thread of froth.

Turning sharply round an angle of the cliff of the chasm, and stood, breathless, not knowing or to go forward, for there before him, on a narrow path, sat Winefred, her head in her hands, sobbing.

The lad, after a moment's hesitation, took a step. She looked up quickly, flushed, then turned away from him, with defiance in her countenance.

"Again—spying!"

He was too surprised to speak. The sight of her had taken the courage out of him.

"Now you have seen me," she said, "you cannot deny it."

"I did not come here to see you. I did not come here to find you here. I came to look once more at the cave."

"It is choked. You know it."

"I did not know it. I have not been here since I helped you to get out."

"That is false. You removed all the smuggled goods."

"I did not. It was done by the others. I told them where they were concealed."

"I do not believe you."

"I have my faults, but lying is not one of them."

"But slander is. I know you tell lies of us."

"You are mistaken. Never have I said a word against you."

"But you have against my mother."

"I cannot tell exactly what I may have said concerning her, when a certain matter has been discussed, but I may say, and I do sincerely assure you it is true, I have most generally spoken in her defence rather than against her."

Winefred was silent.

"I am sorry to see you in trouble," said Jack. "You have been crying."

"I am angry at being followed and spied on."

"You were in tears before I disturbed you."

"Yes, I had been hearing an amusing story; it made me laugh and cry at once."

"Who speaks untruth now?"

"Am I to ask your leave and to curtsy before I am permitted to shed a tear?"

"Oh, no! we have nothing to do with each other."

"Nothing at all. I desire you to keep out of my way, but you are continually running against me or running after me. Why do you do it? Do you suppose that I carry about with me your father's gold?"

"Engage the Seaton crier to march before you whilst ever you go and ring his bell and call—Clear the way, fall on your faces, or hide. Miss Holwood comes."

She burst into tears again.

With an effort she mastered her emotion.

"If you will go and bray through the country that you have seen me cry, say the reason why. I have been crying because I am going away, going among strangers."

"You are?"

"Yes."

"I wish that were my luck."

"To pry after me?"

"No, that I might find work. Why are you going?"

"To be made into a lady. My father is a gentleman."

"And where is this wonderful change to be made?"

"I will not tell you. Of one thing I am glad. I shall have no tears. I shall be relieved of your presence."

"I cannot get away from Seaton. I am like one of those stones here, rolled up and down, forward, backward—and so on the one ridge. Is your mother leaving also?"

"She is not. This is Mrs. Jose's doing. That is the place where I am to be. She has got relatives who live in the best society. I am to go to be to roll me up and down, forward and backward, and so on the one ridge."

"Ah! you—but you are a precious stone—chance one. I—I am rolled, but only to be ground to nothing. Winefred was slightly softened."

She said, "I have you consulted Mrs. Jose? She is a friend, and helpful to all in difficulties. But if she place of button boy to her relatives I shall refuse to go."

"You must dislike me vastly."

"I hate you."

She looked steadily into his troubled face, and added, "And do not you hate me?"

"Well—I suppose I do. Perhaps so. Yes, of course."

"As I do, most heartily."

"Yes, most heartily."

(To be continued)

"THE ROWING CLUB AND REGATTA DIRECTORY OF BRITAIN" (Thames Boating Agency), by G. T. Reed, lists of clubs, with their officers, their status—whether Amateur, Professional, or the position of their regattas. It should be noted that this is appended a directory of regattas. It should be noted that the little book is published at a very reasonable price. The Gardening Year Book and Garden Oracle, which is edited by the *Gardener's Magazine* and published at the same time, is now issued for the fifty-first successive year, and copious directions are given as to the management of gardens in all seasons. Several pages are devoted to the flowers, and vegetables of the past year, and the length tends to increase each year.



THE STAGE IN JAPAN: DANJURO, THE ACTOR, AND HIS DAUGHTERS, AT HIS VILLA

State and Stage in Japan

By DOUGLAS SLADEN

THERE is good reason for coupling the names of the Stage and the State in Japan, for Danjuro is prominent in the movement to save as much of the customs and forms of Old Japan as is compatible with Dai Nippon retaining her place among the Great Powers. Danjuro has often, and not without reason, been called the Henry Irving of Japan. The name Danjuro, like the name Irving, is a *nom de théâtre*, or, as the Japanese call it, *gimyo*, i.e., artistic name. These names are adopted by singing and dancing girls, actors, and other entertainers. Ichikawa Danjuro is the hereditary artist-name of Mr. Hideshi Shu. The Japanese divide their plays not into tragedies and comedies but into histories and comedies. Their histories, dealing with gods and great old houses and fights fought long ago, are, as a rule, full of bloodshed and dignified and heroic episodes, and their *dénoûments* hang on duty not love. Danjuro is not only one of the greatest living comedians, but more than any other actor in Japan is connected with the adequate representation of plays dealing with the old feudal glory and splendour which the Japanese have never ceased to regret, though they gave them up with a stoical heroism thirty years ago. Danjuro is one of the leading exponents of the doctrine that though the Westernising of Japan is a necessary policy it is nevertheless a necessary evil.

The transition from the actor Danjuro to the great politician, Marquis Ito, is not difficult, for to Ito and Inouye, above all others, the Westernising of Japan is due. They were gentlemen of good breeding. Becoming convinced that the future greatness of Japan depended on her adopting Western ideas, they smuggled Western ideas into Japan in the face of the Government prohibition, and took quite menial positions abroad, as interpreters, or something of the kind, in order to master the English language. When the Revolution came in 1868 and the directorship of the Revolution was abolished, Ito and Inouye were in the little group which drew up the lines of the new Government. Ito, who in 1889 promulgated a Constitution for his country, was prepared by Ito, now a Count, and Ito, the most powerful man in the country ever since, more than a Prime Minister. It is Ito who leads the party which interprets the Constitution in the way intended by the framers who conferred it.

What is the principal power in Japan? Speaking loosely, for, ever since the Revolution, the power has lain in the hands of the great southern clans—the Satsumas, the Tosas, and the Hizen. It was their impatience of the feeble Shogunate which led to its overthrow. They managed their affairs very astutely, the nominal heads being the ablest men in the clan, of whatever rank. When the Meiji Emperor issued his first Cabinet, the ten seats were distributed as follows: Three to Satsuma (Counts Saigo, Oyama, and Matsuda); two to Choshu (Counts Yamagata and Yamada and Viscount Goto); two to Tosa (Count Goto and Mr. Iwamura), one to Hizen (Mr. Ito), and only one to an outsider, formerly a person of the Shoguns (Viscount Enomoto). The Minister of the Household (Viscount Hijikata), who does not sit in the Cabinet, is also of Tosa extraction. The President of the Council of Ministers (Viscount Okuma) was from Hizen. It will be observed that the first of the great southern Ministers was General Count Yamagata, now Marquis Yamagata—the General Grant of the Chinese War, the

man great alike as a ruler and a fighter. I have never seen Yamagata in native civilian dress. In his uniform he might easily pass for a European; he is taller and bigger than the majority of his countrymen, and, in the days when I was in Japan, wore an unusually heavy dark moustache which hid the Oriental lines of his mouth. The Marquis Ito Hirobumi is not to be confused with General Yamagata's colleague in the Chinese War, the famous Admiral who won the first great battle fought between modern ironclads, that of the Yalu. All three of them, the Premier Ito, the Admiral Ito, and General Yamagata would be great in any country.

Oddly enough, Danjuro, who deprecates foreign influence, has a theatre which he has made the Lyceum of Japan on semi-foreign lines. Both it and his home are in Tsukiji, which, until Treaty Revision came into effect, was the only portion of Tokyo where foreigners were allowed to reside without special permission. Our illustrations are from photographs by Ohashi Otowa, Tokyo.



Marquis Ito

Marquis Yamagata

POLITICS IN JAPAN: TWO PROMINENT STATESMEN

"Famous Ladies of the English Court"

"FAMOUS LADIES OF THE ENGLISH COURT" by Mrs. Aubrey Richardson (Hutchinson), is a valuable contribution to that class of literature which deals with women who have taken a prominent part in making history, and in that respect is a worthy companion to Miss Sarah Tytler's "Six Royal Ladies of the House of Hanover." The authoress has chosen her subjects well; no dozen women, in any society, could be found who differed more in character, in temperament, and in their style of beauty—as is shown by the excellent illustrations—than these celebrated ladies. The one passion that is common to them all is ambition. The book is well and carefully written, and gives evidence of the great pains that the writer has taken in her search for reliable information and well-authenticated authorities. In these lives we are given a true picture of English Court life under different Sovereigns, from Queen Elizabeth to William IV. Mrs. Richardson has evidently not a very high opinion of some of the *Grandes Dames* of the present régime. She tells us in her preface that, among women, "the temptation of treading their way to personal distinction and social fame by the ladder of men's passions, still exists, and that 'the feminine thirst for power is not quenched. Intrigue is yet a game seized upon by some Great Ladies for the gratification of thwarted interests; but, on the whole, the Social Horizon is clearer.'"

Perhaps one of the most interesting of the lives is that of Elizabeth of Shrewsbury, better known as "Bess of Hardwick." This lady must have been born ambitious, she meant to rise in the world—and she succeeded. At fourteen years of age she went on a visit to Lady Zouch. Another visitor in the house was a wealthy young commoner, who suffered from some fatal complaint. "With unerring instinct for the display of her own capacity," Bess installed herself in the sick-room as his nurse. Unnecessary to relate, the invalid married her, died in a few months, and left her all his estates. This was in 1532. About the year 1539 she married Sir William Cavendish. He was an obedient husband. He sold, according to her wish, all his property in Suffolk and the south of England, and began to build Chatsworth. When Cavendish died, his widow detected in Sir William Lo "an ingenious partner who would add to her own and to her children's increasing fortunes." Before he died he settled his numerous possessions upon his wife and her children by Sir W. Cavendish, to the exclusion, not only of his brothers, but also of his daughters by a former marriage. Her last husband, one of the best matches in the land, was George, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl Marshal of England, and Lord-Lieutenant of the counties of Yorkshire, Nottingham and Derby. One of the most charming of these noble dames is Mary, Countess of Pembroke, the devoted sister of Sir Philip Sydney. As the author says:—"She lives in the literature and in the best thoughts of the nation as the soul-companion of her brother Philip, and as the doer into English of Mornay's '*Les excellents Discours de la Vie et de la Mort*' and of Garnier's '*Marcel Antoine*.'" Of the ladies of the Court of Charles I. we have Lucy, Countess of Carlisle, "the fair and bewildering Lucinda eulogised by the poet Carew." "She has been stigmatised as a traitress by the Royalists, reviled as a wanton by Ascetics, scorned as an aristocrat by Revolutionists, and decried as an opportunist by Theorists." Frances of Richmond is the heroine of Charles II.'s Court. She was known as "La belle Stuart," and was the original of Sir Peter Lely's celebrated picture "Diana." We can heartily recommend the book to our readers, for he who cannot find one character to please his fancy must be indeed hard to please.



THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION IN BOUGNE
PROCESSION IN HONOUR OF THE VIRGIN

DRAWN

FROM LIFE

BY HENRI LAFITTE

New Novels

"THE PATH OF A STAR"

THE doctrine of elective affinity has not, at first sight, any part in the plot of Mrs. Everard Cotes's clever and interesting novel called "The Path of a Star" (Methuen and Co.). The "star" herself, of the dramatic constellation, is passionately in love with a clergyman of the highest Anglican tenets who resists, even until death, the temptation to desert, for happiness' sake, his life-work as a celibate priest on an Indian mission. On the other hand, an ordinarily worldly young stockbroker has lost his heart to a pretty she-captain of the Salvation Army, also on duty in Calcutta; who for her part has, save for her vocation, no heart at all. But it presently becomes clear that such false positions cannot possibly be maintained. In the case of the actress and the clergyman, an unendurable situation is saved by his death at the hands of a Moslem fanatic, and her return to her true elective affinity, the stage. In that of the stockbroker and the Salvation lass, a P. and O. steamer provides her with a more congenial mate, and leaves him to find ample consolation in his own social sphere. Certain Meredithian affectations injure the style of an otherwise excellently written novel. But the characters—especially that of Laura Filbert, the Salvationist—are as life-like and convincing as they are out of the common.

"A NAME TO CONJURE WITH"

It seems that one has nothing to do but to swallow a wineglassful of Green Chartreuse at least once a day in order to make 5,000*l.* a year as a writer of fiction. This was the sole literary method of Mary Lessingham, the heroine of John Strange Winter's "A Name to Conjure With" (F. V. White and Co.). Without the liqueur—which, by the way, she detested, and gulped down as if it were a nauseous medicine—her inventive powers were as dead as most peoples; with it, they were inspired. Unluckily she had to increase her doses until, on one humiliating occasion, she was found by her adoring husband too intoxicated even to write a novel. But he was a good fellow; he realised all that it must have meant to an abstemious woman to have done such violence to her taste in order to support him and their children; and they are left seeking help and guidance on their knees. The intended moral is an illustration of the insidiousness and plausibility of temptation—see what comes of taking what seemed at first but an innocent stimulant solely for the sake of one's invalid husband and little children? We trust that all John Strange Winter's readers will take it in just that light, and will not be tempted to say, "Well—if a dose of Green Chartreuse will bring one fame and 5,000*l.* a year—Here goes!" The novel has more power and interest than most temperance stories; but we must say we doubt its discretion.

"FIRE AND TOW"

Marion Hulsted, the principal character of G. E. Mitton's "Fire and Tow" (Hutchinson and Co.), is a successful lady novelist, who at the age of two-and-thirty, drives a night-cab in order to get a glimpse of "life," and scatters an infuriated election mob by charging it on her bicycle—an incident which the War Office should not fail to consider. But though she has, of course, written about love in her novels, she has never known it; until, all in a moment, she goes down before a middle-aged coal owner and patentee, who has made himself a millionaire out of a pit-boy. He is very much of a boor, but he has what G. E. Mitton frequently declares to be the grand attraction of man for woman—an air of power. But her counter-attraction for him is thwarted by a vow that he took, when a lad, to remain single for the sake of a dead woman who had never been to him more than a memory. Marion declares her love for him, but he will not respond until a few minutes before their being blown to pieces together by an explosion of dynamite in a coal mine. We are of those who object to unnecessary tragedies as among the worst of inartistic perversities—especially when they spoil the effect of very fair comedy. As the latter, "Fire and Tow" has many merits; and the talk of commonplace people who believe themselves to be otherwise is almost too photographically imitated for purposes of satire.

"IN THE DARK"

A young English doctor, through bearing an unfortunate resemblance to a certain Venetian Count, falls into the clutches of a Secret Society, which gives him a threefold choice between finding a hidden treasure within a month, assassinating the secretary of the French Minister of the Interior, and the forfeiture of his own life. "In the Dark" is the title given by Esmé Stuart to the story (John Long) of the sensational incidents of this sufficiently sensational arrangement. Not the smallest attempt is made to give *vraisemblance* to the situations, or more than automatic life to the characters that take part in them. The result is that no human mind can guess what is going to happen next, from page to page. If this was the sole purpose of the story, the author may be congratulated on having been entirely successful. The weak point is that inability to guess is accompanied with inability to care.

"SIREN CITY"

Mr. Benjamin Swift's "Siren City" (Methuen and Co.) is Naples: but he makes no pretence of justifying the *sobriquet*. He tells how Rebecca Morpeth, the only child of a rich Nonconformist banker, eloped from her father's house in Pont Street with a penniless Neapolitan scamp, who called himself a Count, and was sentenced, after nine months of a miserable marriage, to perpetual imprisonment for a lottery fraud. Fortunately, he dies in prison in plenty of time for his still beautiful widow—whose conduct had broken the hearts of both father and mother—to make the good young Captain, who had loved her loyally from the beginning, a happy man. Mr. Swift does not succeed in exciting any amount of sympathy for Rebecca, whose miseries were certainly to be expected, and not wholly undeserved. Moreover, her paramount dread of what would be said of her by the ill-natured gossips who constituted her social circle, was too abject for a heroine. But he has a good insight into many of the intricate inconsistencies of Italian character—its combination of passion and calculation, credulity and shrewdness, impulsiveness, indolence, and inflexible perseverance. And

he has realised, beyond what is common, how essentially Pagan Southern Italy still remains, in spirit and fact, although not in name. "Siren City" is thus an interesting book, without being a more than ordinarily interesting story.

"THE HUMAN BOY"

Every boy is said, on high authority, to be, more or less, a savage, a poet, and a pirate. It is exclusively in the first and third of these aspects that "The Human Boy" provides Mr. Eden Phillpotts with a title and subject for eleven little sketches (Methuen and Co.) of a big, but curiously ill-conducted, private school. The humour of them is decidedly rudimentary. But then humour seldom develops early, and it is at any rate genuine enough to be found amusing if taken in small doses—say of five minutes at a time.

Rhodesia and its Government

MR. H. C. THOMSON, the author of "Rhodesia and its Government" (Smith, Elder), cannot be said to take an altogether favourable view of the manner in which Mr. Rhodes and his officers have governed that part of South Africa over which they have undivided control; at the same time, we must say that the authorities he gives in support of his statements are unquestionable. He says a parallel has been frequently drawn between Clive, Warren Hastings, and Mr. Rhodes. Clive made dauntless war on that gigantic system of oppression, extortion, and corruption. In the war he manfully put to hazard his ease, his fame, and his splendid fortune. "What Mr. Rhodes has done," says the writer, "is exactly the opposite. When he appeared upon the scene South Africa was a frugal and comparatively poor country. His restless and indomitable energy has done much to make it externally rich and prosperous, but at the cost of a deplorable demoralisation which has sapped the independence of the people, and will in the end render them infinitely poorer." As it is "the poor white question is already one of the most difficult problems with which the South African politician has to deal." The author has strong views on the subject of treatment to which the natives have been subjected. Mr. Chamberlain maintains that British rule adds to the happiness and prosperity of the people, and has brought security and peace and comparative prosperity to countries that never knew these blessings before. Mr. Thomson adds:—"It may possibly bring all these things to the natives of Rhodesia in time, but up to the present, through the neglect of the British Government to look into the doings of those to whom they have delegated their Imperial authority, it has brought them neither security nor peace, nor even comparative prosperity, but only intensified misery, rebellion, and death." Want of space will not allow us to review the book as it deserves; the author has taken great pains to get at the true facts of the cases he quotes, and, beyond the politics of South Africa, he writes an interesting account of the districts through which he travelled. Sir Thomas More said, "When every man draws to himself all that he can compass, by one title or another, it must needs follow that how plentiful soever a nation may be, yet a few dividing the wealth of it amongst themselves, the rest must fall into indigence." And unless some very radical changes take place, so it will be in Rhodesia. The Government of the country is in the hands of a few capitalists, who, although they talk a great deal about Patriotism, are, if we mistake not, much more interested in Pocket.



WALKING DRESS

Of white foulard with mauve design. Cords of mauve velvet. Sash of mauve crêpe de chine with fringe ends, and silk fringe borders tunic. Vest of cream lace.

Pioneering in Australia

ROBERT GOUGER, whose letters, edited by Edwin (Low), tell of "The Founding of South Australia" (Smith, Elder), was a man to whom this nation at large owes a great debt of gratitude. His name is forgotten, and even in Adelaide, where he founded, there is but a small street to his memory. In 1829 there was great distress among the labouring classes in this country, consequent upon the enormous increase in the population—in Birmingham, for example, the numbers rose from 90,000 in 1815 to 150,000 in 1832—and the question that was paramount in the minds of most thinking people was, How to dispose of the surplus. Colonisation had not, up to this time, been a successful success. Neither New South Wales nor Van Diemen's Land were popular as a field of emigration, the drawback being that they were still penal settlements, and the trade of the colonies was in the hands of time-expired convicts. One of the failures of other schemes had been the free grants of land. Individuals took up enormous tracts, and when the land was ultimately sold, it was at the ridiculously low price of one shilling and sixpence an acre; consequently, as everybody who wanted it was enabled to become a landed proprietor, no labourers were left to cultivate the soil. The new scheme, of which Gouger was the moving spirit, was to be worked on the principle that Crown land should not be sold at low prices; that hired labour could not be obtained side by side with great cheapness of land; that the sale of land for labour was the only method of realising a just proportion between land, labour, and capital; and that the universal sale of land, instead of free grants, and the exclusive employment of the purchasers' money to promote education should be the principle upon which colonisation should be based. The letters tell of the great difficulties with which Gouger had to contend, of the irritating delays caused by the Foreign Office, and show that it was only by the indomitable determination and the untiring energy of the man that all opposition was overcome and the scheme brought to a successful issue. The history of the Colony, from its conception to the retirement of Gouger from its Government, is a history of quarrels, jealousies, financial troubles, and disappointments. To students of Australian history the work will prove a valuable record of the most trying times through which the colony has passed.

"Spinifex and Sand: A Narrative of Five Years' Pioneering and Exploration in Western Australia," by the Hon. David W. Carnegie (Pearson), is not only a book of great interest to all readers of books of travel, but is also a work which will prove of immense value to future explorers of the sandy, almost waterless, deserts situated between the goldfields of Coolgardie and the pasture lands in the north of Western Australia. In 1892 the author started prospecting for gold in the Coolgardie district. Success did not, at first, crown his efforts; in fact, at one time he considered himself fortunate when he found employment for himself as a "surface hand" and his pony at 3*l.* 10*s.* per week and water at the rate of a gallon a day. Later, however, he was more successful, and after working first for a syndicate and then for himself he was able to sell a mine which he discovered and pegged out, and could set about a work which he had long had in his mind, namely, the exploration of that part of Western Australia which lies north of the goldfields.

Mr. Carnegie soon found congenial companions to join his expedition. One was Joe Breaden, of whom he says, "As soon as I saw Breaden I felt a voice within me saying, 'That's just the man you are looking for.' I told him my plans and the salary I could afford to give him; he, in his silent way, turned me and my pocket over in his mind for some minutes before he said the words, 'Right,' which to him was as binding as any agreement." Breaden had with him his black boy Warri, an aboriginal of about sixteen years of age, whom he had trained from the age of six to ride, to do the usual odd jobs required of black boys on the stations. Godfrey Massie, the brother of the famous cricketer, and Charlie Stansmore, a man who had knocked about from Queensland to West Australia, and had been everything from a station hand to an engine-driver, made up the party. They took nine camels with them, and a fox-terrier, without which no English expedition could be complete.

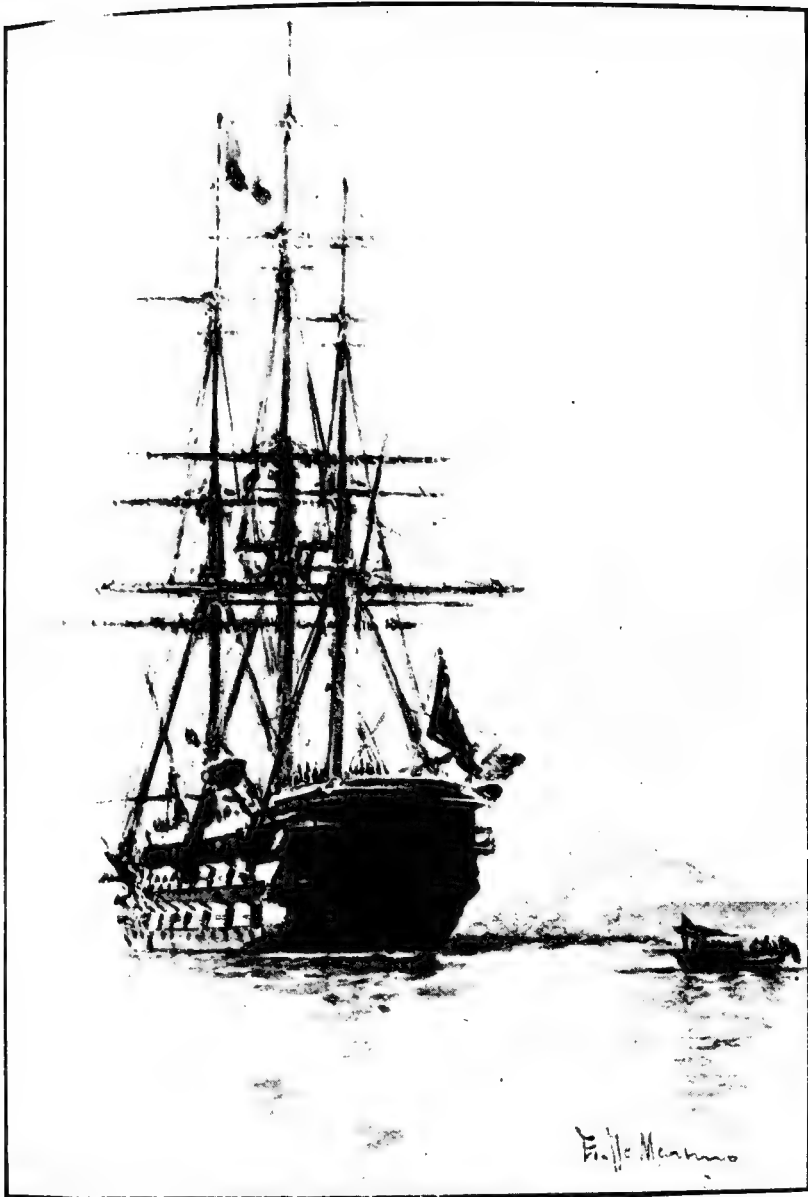
The greatest difficulty with which the expedition had to contend was, of course, the scarcity of water. As much as possible was carried on the backs of the camels, but at times it got so scarce that these animals had to do practically without it for as long as three days. When possible, the explorers would capture a native and keep him a prisoner until thirst compelled him to lead them to a water hole. This the natives appeared very reluctant to do, and usually led them to some dried-up well, but they were never allowed to go until water had been found. The position of every water hole discovered was carefully marked on the map, and, where feasible, an initial, or some other distinguishing mark cut on a rock adjacent to the water. In this way Mr. Carnegie has done incalculable service to future explorers. A great part of the ground traversed consisted of a desert of parallel sand ridges, and these had to be crossed almost at right-angles.

The return journey was made through the same kind of country, nothing but "spinifex and sand." Mr. Carnegie says of his work in West Australia: "It has been my fate, in all my exploring work, to find none but useless country, though, when merely prospecting on the goldfields I have been more fortunate. So, therefore, as being of benefit to mankind, my work has had a better result than to demonstrate to others that part of the interior they had best avoid." Mr. Carnegie, we think, underrates the value of his work. He has clearly shown how impossible it is to transport cattle across the deserts, and has saved many a prospector from risking his life in a hopeless search for gold. The volume is well illustrated, and the author is to be congratulated upon his work, which will prove of great value to any man who is foolish enough to disregard the advice of the author and risk his life in exploring the deserts of Western Australia.

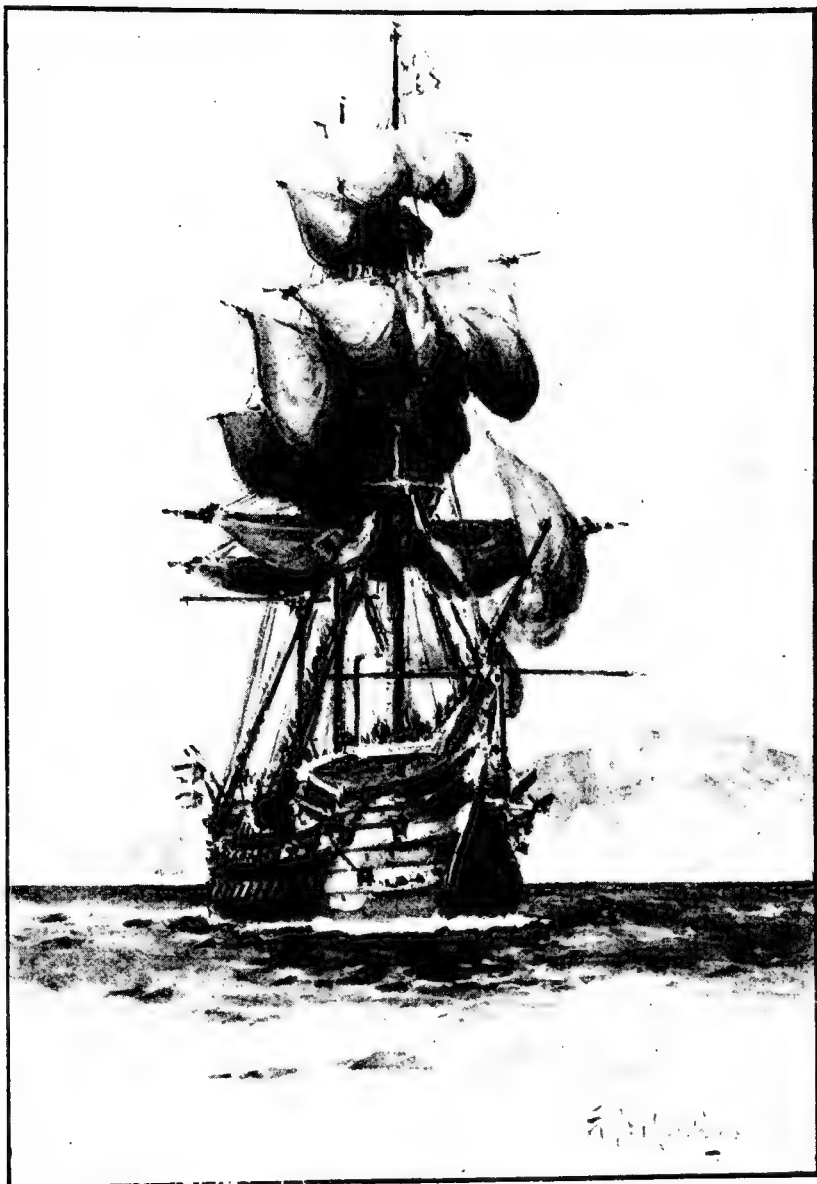
THROUGH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY—IX.

THE PROGRESS OF THE NAVY—PART I.

Illustrated by EDWARD DE MARTINO, Marine Painter in Ordinary to the Queen



H.M.S. "PRINCE REGENT"
Sailing Line of Battle Ship



H.M.S. "MARLBOROUGH"
Wooden Three-decker. Designed in 1850 as a sailing ship. Launched in 1855, and completed as a steamship. Displacement, 6,080 tons; length, 245½ feet

Naval Construction during the Century

By SIR NATHANIEL BARNABY, K.C.B.

THE slightest touch of the progress in construction in ships of war during the century must bring out the striking fact that there were practically no changes in its materials or in its methods before the commencement of the reign of Her Majesty.

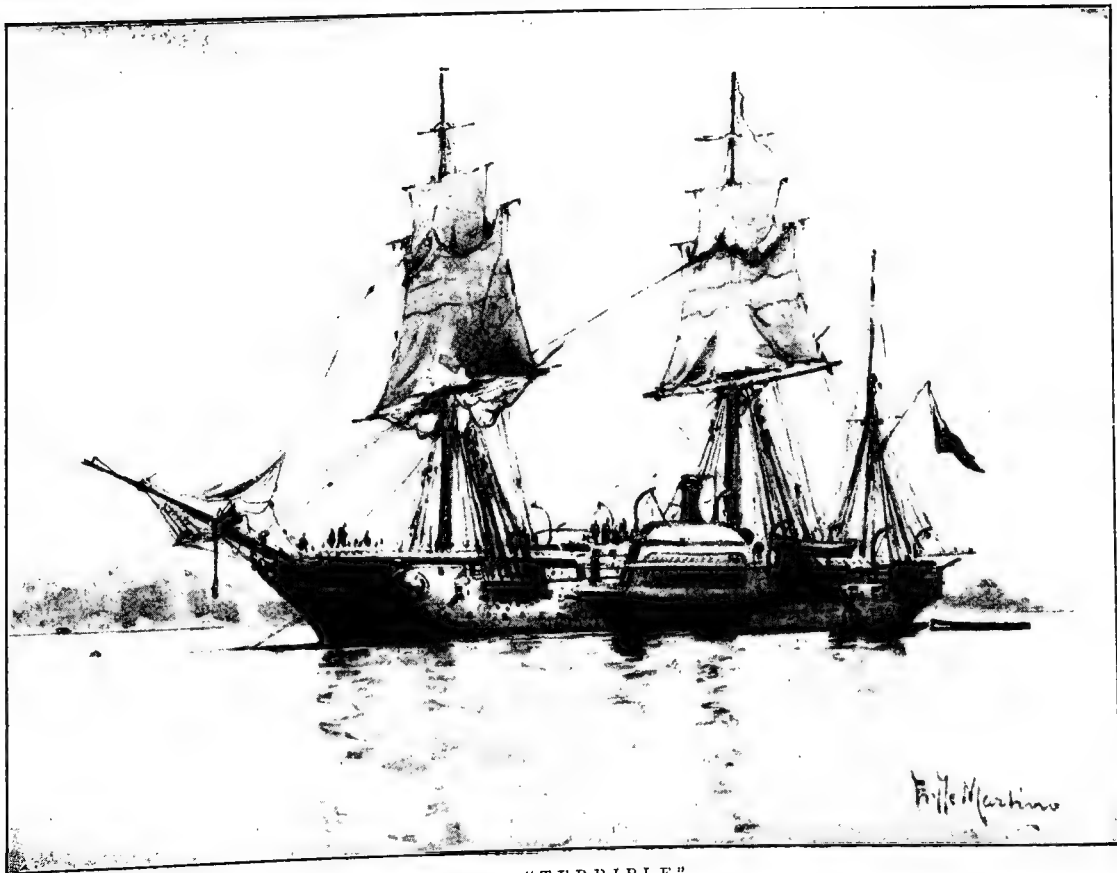
In the year 1800, and for long afterwards, the Reserves for ships of war at the Royal Dockyards were known as Ordinaries. In these Ordinaries were ships that had been captured during the wars with France, Spain, and the East Indies, sometimes side by side with the ships that had captured them. These Reserves were not museums of curiosities; they were the efficient Reserves of the British Navy. In them they lay, with the old ships, newer ships, some quite new that had just been commissioned. They had in many cases not even been completed. It was the fashion to say that a ship had been built when one-eighth of the labour required for the finishing of the ship was still unexpended. This last stage was known as "completing." Ships lay for many years without being completed. Ships which had never been completed were broken up when subsequent changes in naval requirements made them obsolete. Ships in Ordinary had no masts, or guns, or stores. There were temporary cabins in them for a few seamen or the ship-keepers. Here they lived with their families, and the market boats might be seen made fast astern or to a boom at the stern of the ship. The ships were covered in with a tarpaulin, and they were usually painted yellow from the gunwale to the gunwale, with white sheer lines at the ports. Twice a year they were overhauled by the Dockyard. They were "spotted" (with adzes) and "bored" (with augers) where dry rot was likely to appear. Planks were removed to allow fresh air to get to the frame of the ship; sides and decks were recaulked and paint was renewed.

In the neighbouring Dockyard there were masts, yards and spars appropriated to the ships and bearing their names. In the boat-

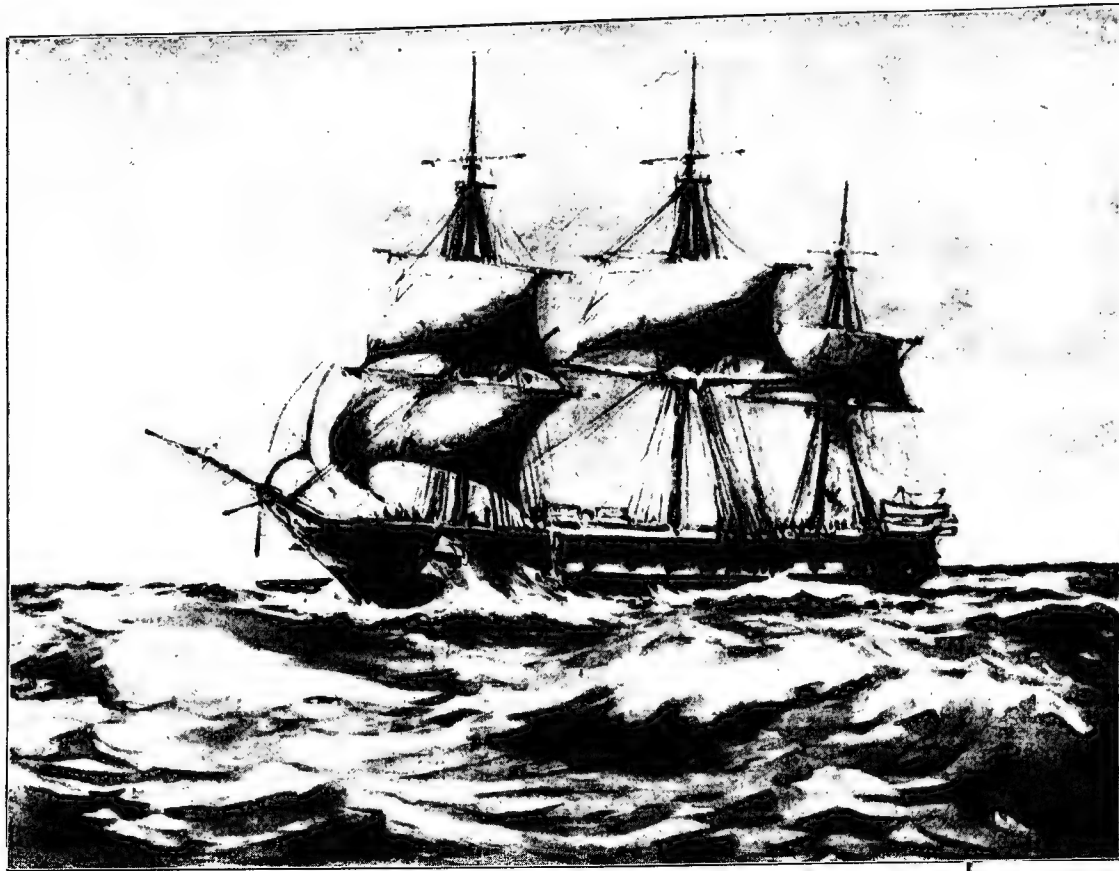
houses there were their boats, in the sail-lofts their sails, in the rigging houses hawsers and sets of rigging, at the anchor wharves anchors, and at the gun wharves guns, carriages and armament

stores, bearing, it might be, the name of some ship which had fought under Nelson or had been captured by his ships.

At the word "war" these decaying, silent hulks would have



H.M.S. "TERRIBLE"
Wooden Paddle Frigate, 220 feet long



H.M.S. "GALATEA"
16-Gun Steam Frigate. Designed in 1857. Length, 280 feet. Sister ship, *Ariadne*

been masted, rigged, armed, stored, and commissioned to become the homes and the pride of the hundreds of men who would crowd the decks of each of them. No one, at the Queen's accession, dreamed of putting steam into these ships, or coating them with armour, or building them of anything but English, Italian, or Dantzic oak. No one thought of handling the guns except by tackles and handspikes and wooden wedges. Scores of acres in the dockyards were covered with piles of oak, grown with crooked forms suitable for the ribs of ships, and cut roughly to shapes appropriate for cross-pieces, half-floors, first and second futtocks, and other parts of ships' frames. Sometime covered with wooden sheds, and often uncovered, were thousands of loads of oak, African timber and mahogany, seasoned and ready for use in reinforcing the fleet and making good the losses and damages of war. On the slips there were ships in frame, standing year after year, waiting the order to plank and complete them. While the timber was thus exposed to free currents of air it was gradually hardening and becoming better fitted for service. This was the state of the Royal Navy for years after the Queen came to the Throne. Scores of thousands of loads of oak and other ship-building timber were sold for what they would fetch when it was finally seen that its day was over. These forced sales were still in progress so late as the seventies.

At the commencement of the reign types of ships for war purposes were considered to be so firmly established that Mr. John Edye, F.R.S., Assistant-Surveyor of the Navy, was encouraged to publish a set of tables giving detailed information as to the several classes which properly constituted the Navy. They were in his judgment, and in that of the naval officers of the time, as follows:—120-gun ships, eighty-gun ships and seventy-four-gun ships, fifty-gun ship razées and fifty-two-gun and forty-six-gun frigates, twenty-six-gun razée corvettes, and twenty-eight-gun frigates, eighteen-gun corvettes, eighteen-gun and ten-gun brigs, and schooners and cutters.

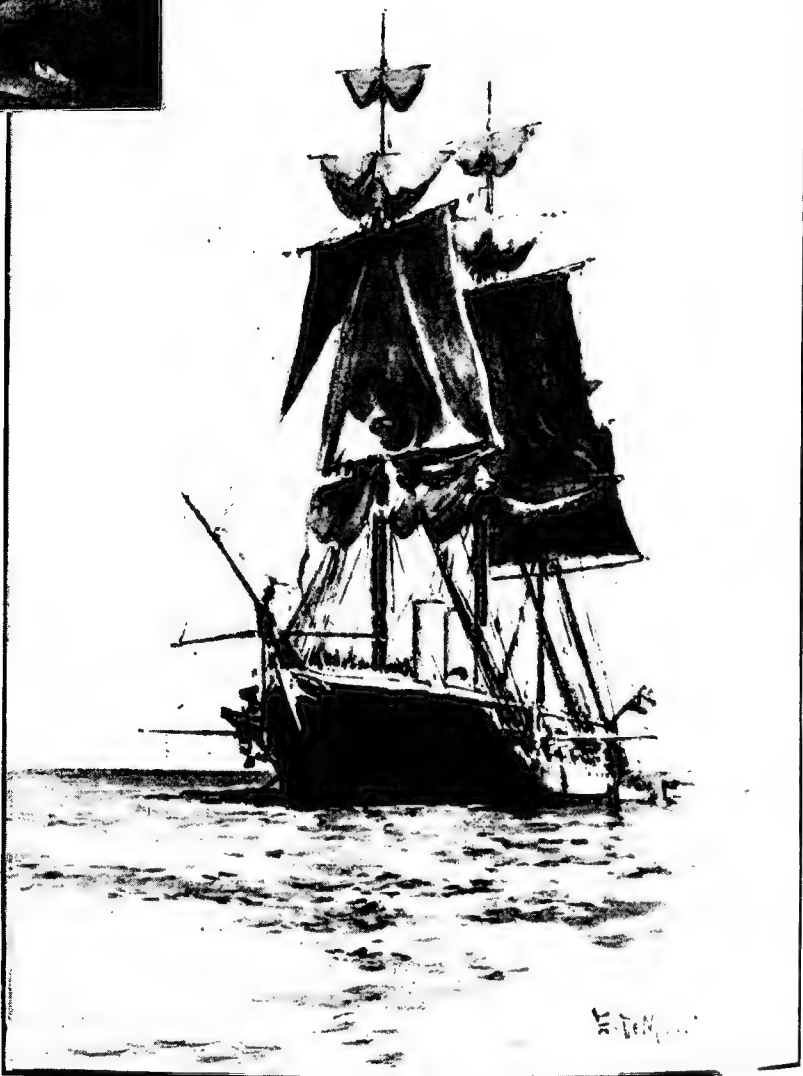
In building and completing these ships for sea seventy-nine per cent. of the whole labour was shipwrights' labour. A ship recently built by contract under the Naval Defence Act, and costing

for construction as much as one of the eighty-gun ships, did not a single shipwright workman employed in building her.

The first half of the century which has been thus bracketed was essentially a "hearts of oak" period. It was not until 1850 that iron ships appeared in the Royal Navy. Then came a small fleet which had been built, by contract, of iron in the Royal Navy. They were the *Simoom*, *Vulcan*, fourteen guns; *Greenock*, ten guns; *Master*, *Birkenhead*, five guns; *Trident*, six guns, and other vessels carrying guns. But the Royal Navy was not satisfied, and it declared, as the result of its gunnery trials in 1849-50, that iron was not a material suited for ships, the ships were withdrawn from the fighting list, and the first iron period came to an inglorious end.

With it came to an end also the practice of considering Mail Steamers as ships of war as they had hitherto been, of these ships were building them of iron, and they were held to be no longer capable of defending the mail they carried. From that time until the middle of the eighties of the mail steamers for any defensive purposes was discredited by the Navy. This feeling is wearing away, and some of the finest of them are now enrolled as Reserved Cruisers.

The second iron period came in shortly afterwards, and iron

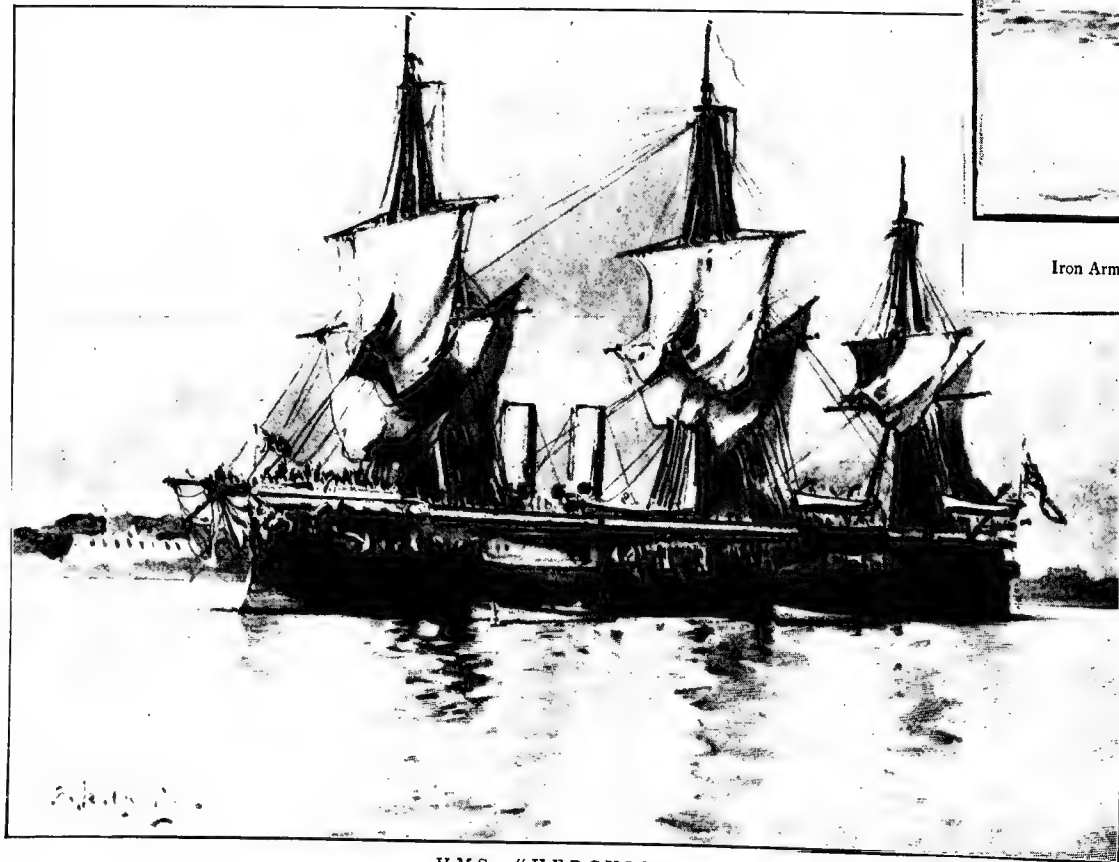


H.M.S. "BLACK PRINCE"
Iron Armoured Ship. Designed in 1858. Displacement, 9,200 tons; length, 350 feet. Sister ship of the class, *Warrior* and *Achilles*

floating batteries were built for the Russian War, but not until 1859 that iron made its real start as a material for ships of war. In forty years the change has been completed. There is not a wooden ship left "on the Active List" in the Royal Navy excepting the Royal yachts. All are built of iron, the latter material having generally displaced "and piled up" iron in 1878.

During the first half of the century sail was the propelling power in fighting ships, although here and there powered steam-engines were coming into use to assist. During the next twenty-five years machinery increased in importance, and sails became auxiliary to the steam. By the end of the eighties, sail for ships of war was abandoned for training purposes.

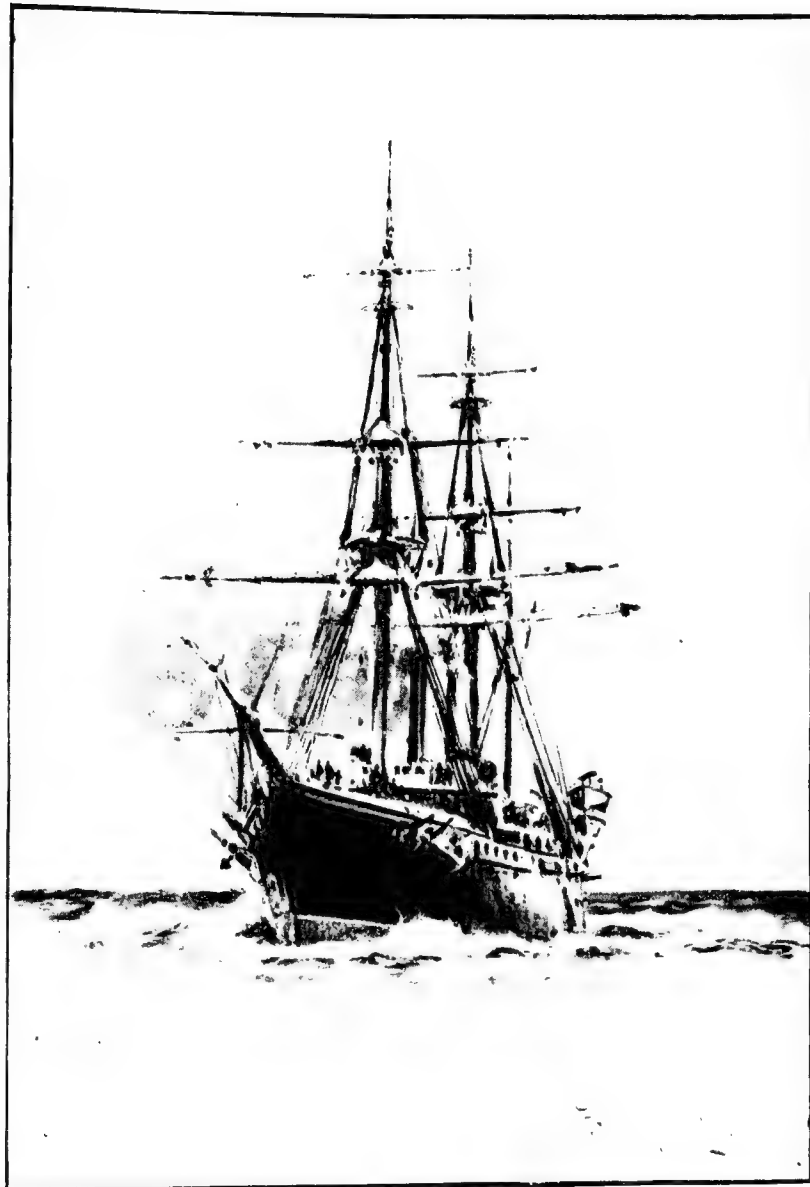
When we entered into war with Russia naval gunnery muzzle-loaders, and, with few exceptions, smooth-bore favourites were shell guns, which were of a lighter calibre than those throwing shot. The armament of a fleet of 121 guns consisted of one half sixty-five cwt. shell guns and one half thirty-two-pounder shot-guns. Besides these there



H.M.S. "HERCULES"
Iron Armoured Ship. Designed in 1865. Displacement, 8,680 tons; length, 325 feet



H.M.S. "BACCHANTE"
Iron Corvette. Designed in 1874. Displacement, 4,140 tons; length, 280 feet. Sister ship, *Euryalus*



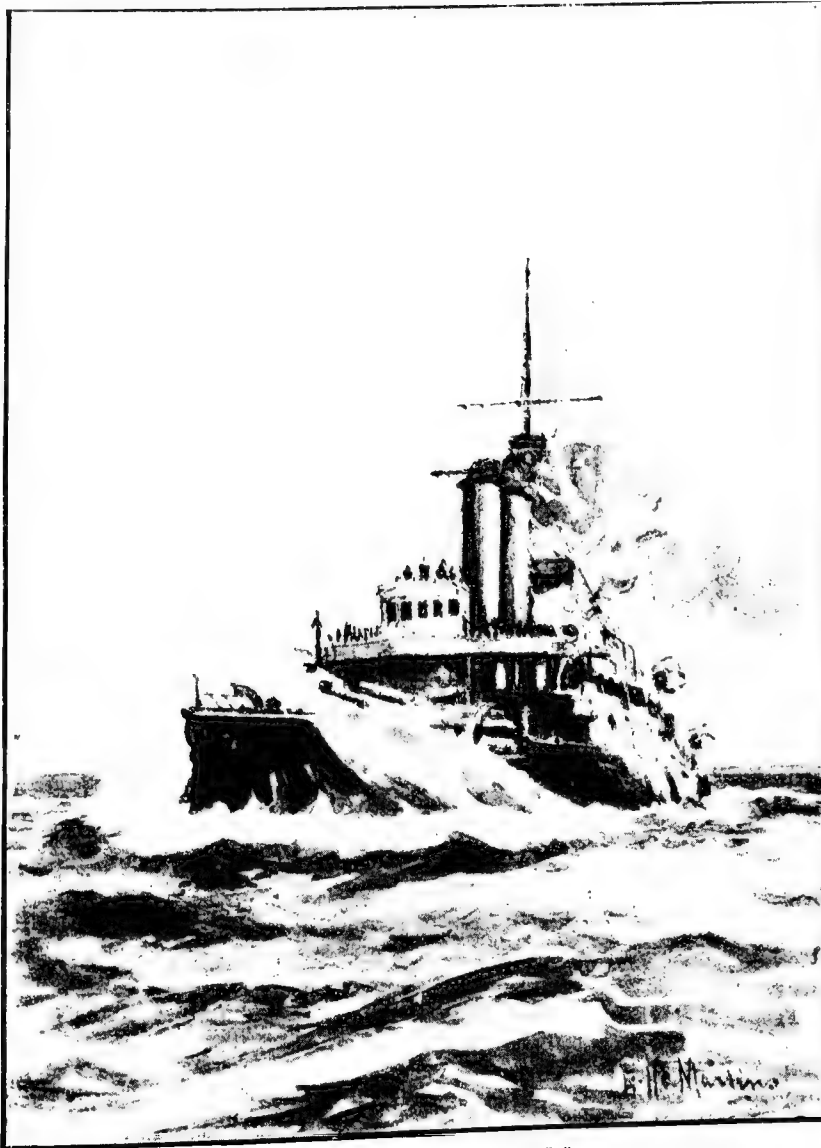
H.M.S. "IRIS"
Second-class Steel Cruiser. Designed for despatch vessel in 1875. Displacement, 3,730 tons; length, 300 feet. Sister vessel, *Mercury*

sixty-eight-pound pivot gun. The shell guns were placed on the lower and middle decks.

In 1858 breech-loading guns were introduced, and between 1855 and 1862 some two and a half millions sterling were spent on Armstrong guns, and very large sums in adapting ships to receive them. In 1870 the Naval Ordnance advisers recommended breech-loading guns, and muzzle-loaders were introduced again, some with 1,700 lbs. projectiles, which had to be rammed home in guns thirty feet long. During the next six years muzzle-loaders were made to displace breech-loaders, and in 1876 the armament of British ships, unlike those of other large navies, consisted mainly of wrought-iron muzzle-loading rifled guns. In 1882, after long discussion and many delays, breech-loading guns were adopted for the Navy, and a design for a 13.5-ton breech-loading gun was approved. The *Colossus*, *Edinburgh* and *Conqueror*.

In the new speed we have seen two great changes. In the first period ships were fought as they drifted before the wind and the sea. In the second they were fought under steam at speeds not over ten knots, but with steerage way. In the third we have seen ships of war fighting at a speed double that of the Oxford and Cambridge.

In all these changes, in speed, armament, use of iron construction—the changes have all been revolutionary. On July 12, 1876, two ships were launched at Chatham under the writer's eyes. They were the *Goliath*, 80-gun line-of-battle ship, and the other was the *Virago*. The latter ship had engines of 3,400 horse-power and a measured mile speed of 18 knots. She was finally taken to sea in 1876. The *Goliath*, was 190 feet long, and when equipped for sea, displaced 7,000 tons. She is the largest ship of the Naval Defence Act is 396 feet long. She is the largest steam about 18 knots an



H.M.S. "COLLINGWOOD"
Steel Armoured Ship. Designed in 1883. Displacement, 9,500 tons; length, 325 feet. Slightly larger ships of the same class, *Howe*, *Rodney*, *Anson*, and *Camperdown*

hour in any direction, instead of looking, as her predecessor did, for a supreme speed of twelve to fourteen knots under sail before the wind. The new *Goliath* will be produced from keel to masthead by methods and by tools with which the makers of the old *Goliath* would have been as unfamiliar as children, and of materials not known to them. Instead of the pleasant scents of the timber and the vegetable tar with which it was freely coated, and the sounds of axe, adze, saw and maul to accompany the slow upbuilding of many years, there will have been the smoke of rivet fires and the ceaseless din of platers and riveters for a few fretful months. The frames, the trusses, the beams, and the planks of oak, and the stately spars of pine and fir will be useless. Dowels and treenails of oak and yard-long bolt-staves of copper, ringed and clenched at head and point, are no longer known. Mild steel plates and frames and beams and rivets, hardened steel armour and steel castings and forgings will take their places. These great changes all come within one splendid reign.

The subsequent history of the *Goliath* illustrates what has been said in the earlier part of this sketch. After the launch she was moored in the Medway until it might be decided to fit her for sea. But, as a sailing line-of-battle ship, she was never completed. For fifteen years she lay in "Ordinary." In 1857 it was decided to convert her into a 60-gun screw ship in imitation of French action. She was so converted in 1858, and she was one of the ships which caused the Navy Estimates to go up to 8½ millions in that year, and led to the appointment of Lord Derby's Committee on the Navy. Five years afterwards, as she could not be armourplated, she was reported to be useless, and was again laid up in Ordinary or Steam Reserve from 1863 to 1870. In 1870 she was lent to the managers of the Forest Gate School District, and in 1875, while serving as a school ship on the Thames, she was destroyed by fire. May her successor have an equally peaceful history.

"Place aux Dames"

By LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

To how few people are the sweet spots of English scenery familiar? Ireland is being gradually opened out to travellers by the care of judicious patriots; Scotland has long since attained to fame as the land of cakes and tourists, but while, within two hours of London, places may still be found as wild and picturesque as any in Connemara or Perthshire, they remain comparatively unknown to the general public. By degrees, however, these beautiful places, with their infinite variety of hill and moorland, of pine and heather, are increasing in popularity, and bid fair to replace advantageously to health and pleasure the hurried journey and tiring tramp from one foreign crowded hostelry to another. Roads exist in England where one can ride for miles in beautiful solitude without meeting anything more disturbing than a cart or a bicycle, where foxgloves rising to man's height skirt the highway, and gigantic ferns spread themselves luxuriantly, where water-jacks or rush toads croak, moorhens and snipe fly around unconcernedly, where bog asphodels flourish, and crimson marsh orchis, where heather and gorse spread the swelling moor with a crimson and golden carpet, reminding one of Linneus's ecstasy on first beholding the glory of a mass of golden gorse when he fell down on his knees and thanked God for the lovely sight.

Such a country appeals to the artistic, and here I found the ideal public-house, an experiment entered into by the People's Refreshment Association, of which the Bishop of Chester is chairman. My public-house was run on special lines, the promotion of sobriety and temperance, where no prominence is given to the sale of alcoholic drinks. The whole capital of 2,500*l.* was subscribed by friends, and though the venture is still in its initial stage yet the success and popularity of the scheme is already placed beyond a doubt. The little house is built like an old English cottage, the signs designed by Walter Crane, the taproom fitted up most comfortably, the coffee-room a dream of peacefulness, with a parquet floor, green-stained dado, and old rush furniture to match, and the brightest of red Turkey twill short curtains, through which gleamed the friendly light, twinkling a welcome to the wanderer. The bedrooms are clean and homely, the company at the bar cheerful and good-tempered, and the house closed at ten o'clock.

With regard to the matter of temperance, it strikes me that it is in reality a question more of food than drink, for the well-nourished and healthy man has no craving for alcohol. The cost of food in America is lower than anywhere else, so that the American working man is the best fed of any; next to him comes the English labourer. In an American working man's boarding-house the average cost of food for each man was 5*s.* 4*d.* per week. According to the standard of nourishment worked out by Professor Vogt, the minimum cost of a working man's food should be from sixpence to sevenpence per

day, but this allows of a drink of water only, tea, coffee, and cocoa being excluded. It is clear that the minimum food expenditure of a family of five, father, mother, and three children, could not be less than from 12*s.* to 13*s.* 6*d.* a week, one-half the amount spent by working-class families in America, but more than is usually spent in England. It may be taken that the desire for alcohol is the expression of a craving for more food. Give the working man a sufficiency of food, warmth, and comfort, and you will do much towards lessening the harmful influence of the public-house. How tiresome is the matter of eating altogether. Some of us eat too much, others too little, while doctors disagree until one falls to wishing the doctrine of the Rosicrucians were universally held.



The British Association paid a return visit to Boulogne last week, and received a warm welcome from the members of the French Association of Science. After luncheon a lecture on Duchesne was delivered by Dr. Bressaud, Professor in the Faculty of Medicine in Paris, who afterwards unveiled the new monument. Dr. Duchesne was a native of Boulogne, and was the first to employ electricity in the treatment of nervous disorders. Our illustration is from a photograph by A. Lormier, Boulogne.

THE NEW DUCHESNE STATUE AT BOULOGNE

They believed neither eating nor drinking was necessary to men, but only to live by the breath of their nostrils, so that on a journey one might mend one's diet with the smell of flowers. In reality pure air they held that there was "a fine foreign fatness" sufficient for nourishment. But for those who had enormous appetites, a platter of nicely cooked meat was recommended to be applied to the epigastrium sufficient for the wants of the most voracious.

The logic of little children is sometimes extremely interesting. A little boy of my acquaintance, whose brother had killed a wasp with a small stone the day previously, was stung by a wasp when playing in a field. He philosophically asked, "no doubt this was the brother of the slain insect, who came to punish him for the crime, but," he added, "he must have known that it was not I, but my brother that did it, and it is unjust of him to sting me." On another occasion, at a dissertation respecting prayer, to which his nurse was present, he remarked, after mature reflection, "I believe that God is a different God to mine, for I have repeatedly asked for things, and God has never even answered me, therefore, that he must be very old and deaf, and so Maria's God is probably younger."

The controversy anent mistresses and servants seems to be going on. One reason is that mistresses and servants are being treated indiscriminately. In large establishments the position of servants that they have no time to themselves and that their life is perfectly unfounded. There are fixed times for regulated households when servants are off duty and do as they like; there are cricket fields adjoining country houses for the servants' pleasure, and sitting-rooms for them in the hall the men can smoke, in the housekeeper's room the maids can drink tea and gossip, and in the work-rooms other maids sit by a comfortable fire. Many servants possess a library is frequently provided, and a yearly holiday gift is well fed and well paid, and the standard of beauty is far higher than anything the working man or the factory girl can aspire to. John Leech was never tired of satirising the pomp of the port lady's maid, and their lot certainly leaves little to be desired.

If servants labour under hardships it is rather in the small households where one or, at most, two servants are kept. The tradesman's wife who advertises for a help, where a comfortable home is provided and a fondness for children, and a willingness to do everybody's work is combined with low wages and scanty diet, is the chief offender. Many a lady ought to do her own work sooner than engage a servant at starvation wages, and if the household is small one cannot expect for fourteen pounds a year the services of a trained butler and housemaid combined. The result is misery for the lady, who gets only inferior service and incompetent servants, bringing in their train dirt and untidiness, and misery for the untaught servant, who wastes and spoils, lives in a mill from morning till night, and dreams only of the moment when she can escape from fault-finding and drudgery to emerge into the street dressed in finery and captivate her fancy man. The servant of the present day wishes to begin where her mother left off; training is odious to her and reproof unwelcome. On the other hand, ladies who formerly took an active part in the management of their households now deem it an indignity to put their hand to anything. There are faults on both sides, and yet never was there so much written and talked about housekeeping. Our mothers talked less, but they did more. In England cooks are bad, but cookery-books are excellent.

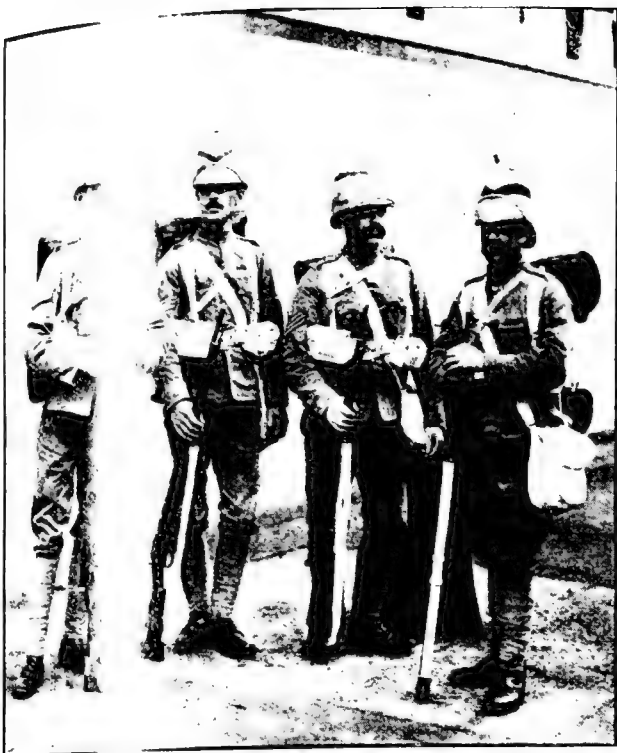


The demonstration in Trafalgar Square against war with the Transvaal proved, so far as the object of its promoters was concerned, to be a huge fiasco. An immense crowd filled the Square and all its approaches, and the sympathies of the gathering were sufficiently indicated by their passing the interval before the commencement of the proceedings in singing patriotic songs and indulging in vigorous cheering for Mr. Chamberlain and groans for President Kruger. When the speakers made their appearance they were greeted with loud hooting and showers of missiles; and when they attempted to address the people they were met with

the singing of the National Anthem, the waving of Union Jacks, and hostile cries, which effectually drowned their utterances. The various speakers, however, persisted in their attempts for nearly an hour, amid a scene of noise and disorder which became intensified when a young man who had succeeded in fighting his way on to one of the "platforms" waved a Union Jack and pointed upward to the statue of Nelson. This evoked frantic cheering, and when it was seen that some of the speakers were trying to push the young man down, the crowd made a determined rush towards the platform, which the police only repelled with the greatest difficulty.

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: THE ABORTIVE DEMONSTRATION IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE

DRAWN BY G. K. JONES



IN FIGHTING KIT

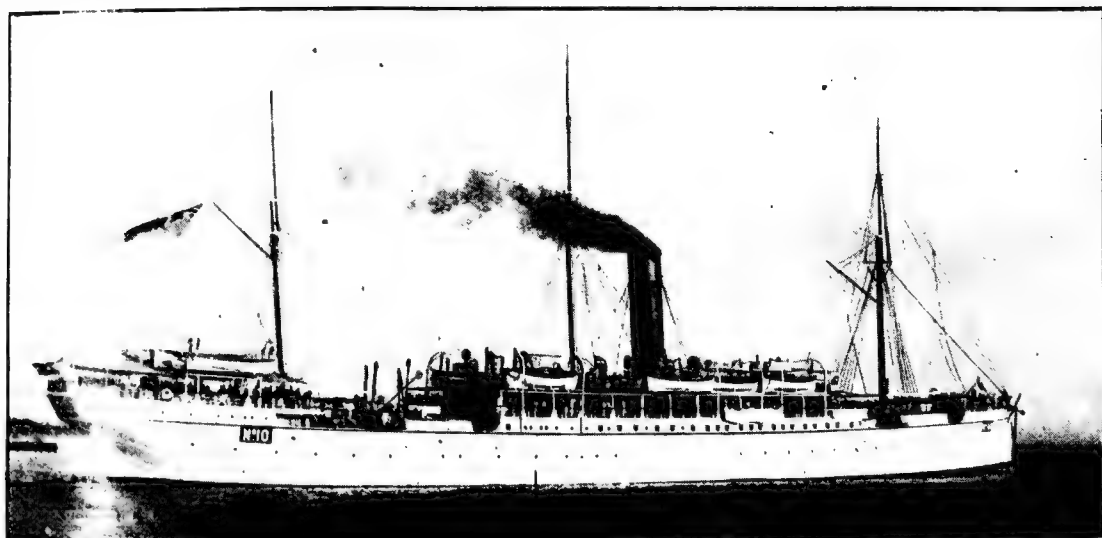
A Chat About Colours

NOTHING is more sacred to the soldier than his colours. On parade they are treated with the highest military honours, and in war they are the symbol of victory, and ever guarded with zealous care. To lose a colour in battle was considered a great dishonour, and formerly a regiment which was so unfortunate was usually deprived of its facings and made to wear the ordinary cloth tunic. To capture the colour of an enemy was a correspondingly meritorious achievement. Who that has read of them does not remember stories of gallant defence of the colours or of the glorious capture of an enemy's standard? Waterloo alone provides several instances. But that is all past. Among the lessons taught by the Franco-German War was that it is folly to carry colours into battle. They are too striking a mark—a fact which is shown by the riddled old colours that hang up in garrison churches. Since the Zulu War of 1879-80, British colours have not been carried into battle. At the battle of Isandhlana an incident occurred which formed a fitting conclusion to the old order of things. There, it will be remembered, a small British force was cut to pieces by the Zulus. Few of the British escaped, and one colour (the Queen's) of the 24th was lost. Lieutenants Melville and Coghill died in its defence. This colour was subsequently recovered. After the battle, the body of Lieutenant Melville was found with the colour wrapped round it—a fitting shroud for such a gallant soldier. Such is only one of the many stories of devotion to the colours.

Now let us turn to a few facts and regulations about colours that are not generally known. The regiments of Dragoon Guards and Dragoons have each a standard or guidon, while each of the three regiments of the

Household Cavalry has a Queen's standard and three regimental standards. On the standards are emblazoned distinctions and badges conferred and the battle honours; Hussar and Lancer regiments have no standards. In the infantry there are two colours carried by each regiment, the Queen's colour and the regimental colour. On the first, which is in all line regiments, the Great Union is inscribed, and the name of the regiment in a crimson circle in the centre, above which is the Royal Crown. The regimental colours of all line regiments is of the colour of the facings of the regiment, except in those regiments whose facings are white, in which case the regimental or second colour is the Red Cross of St. George in a white field, with the territorial designation and the Royal or other title displayed within a wreath of roses, thistles, and shamrock, and ensigned with the Royal Crown. On the regimental colour the number of the battalion to which it belongs is inscribed on the dexter canton when that is possible, but in the case of regiments entitled to carry distinctions in all the corners, the number of the battalion is placed below the distinctions. Those regiments which have an ancient badge, have the badge on their colour in the centre on a red ground. On the regimental colour are the names of the battle honours won by the regiment. No addition to the list is allowed to be made without the Queen's consent. In this connection it may be noted that the King's Royal Rifle Corps (the old 60th Rifles) displays thirty-two honours, a larger number than any regiment in the service. The Highland Light Infantry stand next with twenty-nine, and the Rifle Brigade next with twenty-eight honours. The Royal Scots, the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the Gloucestershire, the South Staffordshire Regiment, and the Gordon Highlanders follow with twenty-five. The last campaign to be inscribed on the colours was "Chitral," but no doubt in time the names Dongola and Khartoum will figure on the colours of the regiments taking part in these campaigns.

Rifle regiments have no colours, their badges, devices, distinctions, etc., being borne on their accoutrements. In the Foot Guards the colours differ from those of the line regiments. In the Guards the Queen's colours are crimson, and bear the distinctions conferred by Royal authority upon the respective battalions as well as those authorised for the regimental colours, that is to say, battle honours. The regimental colour in the Guards regiments is the Great Union, which bears, as we have said, the war services and one of the company badges. These badges are taken in turn as the colours are renewed—each company of the Guards battalions having its own distinctive badge. Each of the Guards regiments has also a State colour, presented by the Sovereign as a special mark of Royal appreciation. The State colour of the Scots Guards, it will be remembered, was presented by the Queen this summer. These State colours have no connection with the War Office, but are personal gifts of the Sovereign. There is also a line regiment with these colours. The old 74th, now the 2nd Highland Light Infantry, was presented by the 1st India Company with a kind of honorary colour in recognition of its distinguished service in India, particularly at the battle of Assaye. This colour, which is of white silk, is carried by the battalion like the State colours of the Guards, on all State occasions.



THE TRANSPORT "JELUNGA"

Military Preparations

THE past week has been a busy one for the War Office, military centres, and dockyards, but at present the officials at the Transport, Contract, and Supply Departments of the War Office say that the pressure of work has not been as great as the preliminary preparations for the Sudan Campaign. Nevertheless, the work of increasing and strengthening our forces in South Africa has been steadily progressing. Last week saw the *Jelunga* leave Southampton with 55 officers and 1,047 men. The troops, which were in the command of Lieut.-Col. Satterthwaite, 2nd North Lancashire Regiment, consisted of the following:—32 officers and 695 men 2nd North Lancashire Regiment, for Malta; 130 men 2nd King's Royal Rifle Corps, Natal; 75 men 1st Leicester Regiment, for Natal; 55 men of the Royal Engineers' Telegraph Battalion, for Natal, and 50 men of the 1st Liverpool Regiment, for Natal. The 2nd Rifle Brigade furnished 92 men, also for Natal. The remainder of the *Jelunga's* complement was made up of small details from other regiments. Three batteries of Royal Field Artillery, composing Lieutenant Colonel Hall's Brigade Division, left Aldershot on Monday for Birkenhead, there to embark in the hired troopships *Zibenghli* and *Zayathia*. With them were guns, waggons, wheeled transport and ammunition waggons. The Brigade Division is composed of the 18th, 62nd, and 75th Batteries of Royal Field Artillery. The entire force has been equally divided between the two steamers, so that each took out a battery and a half. The vessels also take out a number of remount and extra transport horses, and a few officers, who are proceeding to Natal to join various corps already in the colony or en route thereto. To-day (Saturday) a detachment of the Balloon Section of the Royal Engineers, consisting of two officers and thirty-three men, will leave Aldershot for South Africa, and so too will a special Ammunition Column under Major May. This column is to consist of men of exceptionally fine physique, and will consist of eight officers, 194 non-commissioned officers and men, 58 waggons and 120 horses. Last Saturday the 3rd Battalion of the Grenadiers embarked at the Royal Albert Docks for Gibraltar. The "move" of the battalion is virtually an ordinary one, but it is a well-known fact that the battalion is one of the units to compose the Brigade of Guards included in the Army Corps which it may be necessary to send to South Africa. The Admiralty has taken over the large Union liners *Trojan* and *Spartan* for use as hospital ships in South African waters, and they are being fitted up at Southampton. Besides the reinforcements a number of officers holding staff appointments have left, including Sir George White, to command the forces in Natal, and Major-General J. D. P. French, who is to command the Cavalry Division in Natal.



MAKING THEMSELVES HAPPY ON BOARD

THEIR WAY TO THE CAPE: A GROUP ON THE S.S. "JELUNGA"

From Photographs by W. Gregory and Co., Strand



MEMORANDA OF A ROUNDABOUT TOUR.

BY MARY STUART BOYD AND A.S. BOYD

II.—NAPLES TO COLOMBO

SHIP life in the milder temperature of the Mediterranean was marked by an almost feverish accession of industry amongst the majority of the lady passengers. Capacious work-bags were produced, and, from morn till even, heads were bent and hands busy over marvels of silks, wools, and fine linen. Before such assiduity, that of the Irish dame who had distinguished herself by beginning to knit a stocking before we left Tilbury, sank into obscurity.

This unwonted energy wrought consternation among the more sociably inclined of our male voyagers, who for a space lingered disconsolately in the background, casting longing glances, yet lacking the courage necessary to brave the defences of scissors and crochet-pins. Then they took counsel together, and, calling strategy to their aid, instituted an Entertainment Committee; and dances, concerts, and game tournaments intervened, speedily vanquishing the violent epidemic of needlework.

We passed through the Straits of Messina when the shadow of approaching rain dimmed our view, and wreaths of mist veiled Mount Etna. Crete we caught a glimpse of, several hours later—a dim vision by moonlight.

Port Said, to which we awoke one exquisite October morning, mistily rising above the line of the sea, seemed a city of enchantment. The moment the *Orient* was at rest, great flat barges, laden with coal, began moving slowly towards her, almost as though drawn by some powerful magnetic attraction. Crowded together on top of the coal was perched a swarm of beings, black by birth, but gaining an added gloom from the coal-dust which begrimed their skins; their dark robes and features affording a violent contrast with the multitude of gaily clad, chattering boatmen who thronged round the accommodation ladders clamouring for trade.

Slowly approaching us over the calm surface of the water, they sang a low, wordless chant, the sound of their crooning adding to the impressive effect of the masses of weird figures. In an incredibly short space, the barges were moored alongside the liner. Long planks were raised to the wide doors which had mysteriously opened



BEFORE
COALING



AFTER COALING

colour and movement. Carriers, their backs bent under strange loads, passed by, one stooping under a huge jar that seemed originally formed to conceal one of the Forty Thieves. An Egyptian fruitseller, his drapery revealing a lovely medley of faded purples, reds, and blues, bore on his head a shallow basket piled high with grapes, while over his arm was suspended a primitive pair of scales. Money changers sat by the wayside, their small store of the coin of all nationalities contained in little glass-covered tables before them. At all the corners were placed rough barrows laden with melons of gorgeous hues, or luscious brown dates. In the full glare of the sun a Soudanese soldier stood patiently while a young Arab polished his regimental boots. Sometimes our path was crossed by an Egyptian woman shrouded in the customary sable raiment, her forehead covered with heavy brass ornaments, her eyes gleaming darkly over the disguising veil. Sombre, even depressing, though the general effect might be, the wearer of the lugubrious garb



MEN ABOUT TOWN
PORT SAID



COAL DUST

rarely failed to hint at the possibility of levity by affording the glimpse of a gaily striped ankle.

Successfully parrying the temptations of the itinerant vendors of ostrich feathers, of fans, and of Turkish delight, we regained the ship to find the dark procession still ascending and descending, bathed in a glorified haze of coal-dust; luminous particles which hung in the hot, still air, and scintillated in the sunshine.

On the promenade deck a native juggler with a gift for palming and patter, and a perfect genius for making collections, was busy. Over all was spread a layer of the dust, which had insinuated itself into even the most carefully closed cabins; a powdery essence whereof only days of scrubbing and paint-washing succeeded in ridding the ship.

It was pretty to witness the unholy joy of those wary ones, who had worn old clothes, over the ultimate condition of the unbelieving men and maidens who had gone forth as the lily to return to locked cabins and decks an inch thick in grime. To remain unpolluted was impossible. The complexion became darker, the



THE CANAL
PILOT

in her sides; and a dusky train, carrying baskets heaped with the fuel that was to speed us on our way, began to ascend.

The cheerful breakfast horn had sounded an hour earlier than usual, and by 8.30 all the passengers were on deck in shore-going trim; the gay and giddy arrayed in the frivolity of smart raiment; the wise in experience of coaling-stations soberly attired, the women in half-soiled cotton blouses and dark skirts, the men in old serge suits.

It was a hot morning, but one side of the principal street lay in deep shadow, and we could stroll comfortably along observing the strange jumble of races. Everywhere was

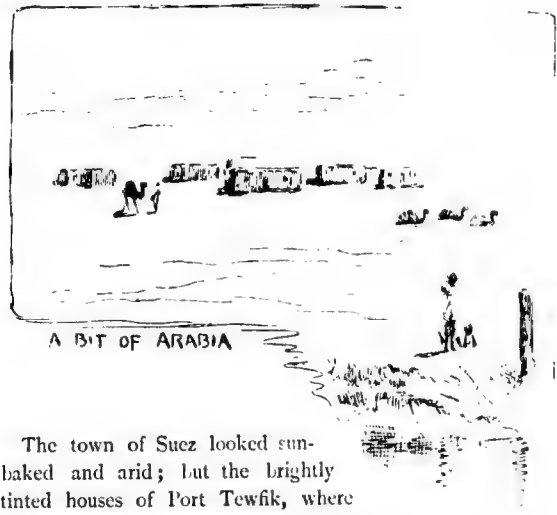
hair raven; one fellow-traveller, whose distinguishing feature was a splendid auburn moustache, being absolutely unrecognisable when his hair assumed an ebony hue.

After the lapse of another decade, that speculator will reap a fortune who prospects for copper along the submerged banks of the Suez Canal. Every day, all the year round, sportive tourists throw coin to the Arabs, who, girding their loins, run swiftly along the edge of the Canal in quest of pelf; consequently, a thousand of these coins is picked up, the lower strata must ultimately be paved with valuable copper.

We passed through the Suez Canal on a night when the moon was at its full, combining with the powerful searchlight effect of snow to the sands of the eternal desert. The morning found us still in the Canal, passing by a lonely village. Before the shelterless houses lay a group of camels, looking like gigantic swans, as, with long necks protruding, they gazed on the hot sand.



ON THE CANAL BANK



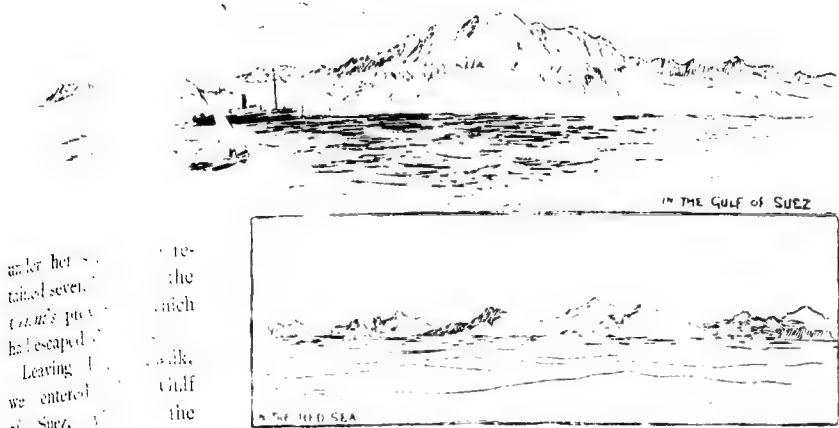
A BIT OF ARABIA

The town of Suez looked sun-baked and arid; but the brightly tinted houses of Port Tewfik, where we paused to take in a supply of vegetables and eggs, gleamed like jewels among brilliant green foliage. Close to the side of our ship a native scow was moored, and among the open crates of salad and gourds stood two overseers keeping up a continuous flow of vocal encouragement to the porters, who responded with reiterated cries, as, bearing the heavy loads on their shoulders, they ran lightly up the steep ladder. Most of these animated bronzes wore flowing garb of motley hue, though a stalwart Nubian, who answered to the name of Mustapha, had fastened the chief portion of his vesture from a large sack which still bore legibly the imprint of a Westminster flour mill.

The atmosphere of dignity, which it is difficult to dissociate from the turbaned Easterns, encircled them, and it seemed almost a degradation to notice one of the carriers, Mahommed by name, appearing from the pantry, the corner of his saffron-hued robe half concealing a quantity of cold meats and broken bread which he had begged from the cook. And like witnessing the speculation of a friend was it to observe, as the picturesque sloop



MUSTAFA



under her... the... which... escaped... Leaving... we entered... the... and... saw... in serene grandeur against the blue sky.

Nearing... the signal for an outburst of letter-writing, during which... emigrants in the steerage distinguished themselves by... careful and voluminous correspondence.

In the... flying-fish, small, and moving with a... the flight of butterflies, began to skim the water; and, in the absence of more engrossing occupations, we... watched for.

At midnight... day, the *Orient* anchored in a lake of darkness that was... harbour, and an official announcement that she would... 8 a.m. was posted. Through the gloom twinkled the... distant ships; beyond lay the unknown. A craving for new sensations seized us, and, without pausing to add



even a toothbrush to our outfit, we entered a boat, and hastened shoreward. When we had climbed the quay steps and passed through the... House, where many white-robed Indians were stretched on... or huddled beneath counters, fast asleep.

Colombo was... in slumber: even the Hotel seemed drowsy. On its steps... disconsolately, stood one of our shipmates. "Here's a... he spoke the cultured language of the Boy—"the bar's closed! Rotty fettle, I call!" Following his example, we were escorted whose threshold its guardian angel lay asleep.

He was a... gades with a big head; and his white skirt combined with his chignon to give him a ludicrous resemblance to the bearded lady of the side shows. Bidding him bring breakfast at 5 a.m., we crept into the white, mosquito-curtained beds, and almost before our heads seemed laid on the cool pillows, lo! morning had dawned, and "Charlie" was exchanging grins with the Boy, as he arranged the breakfast.

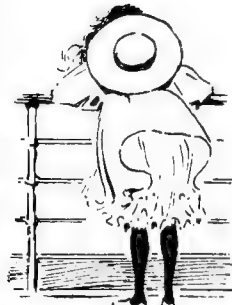


Our light meal over, we found our friend, and hiring four rickshaws were soon speeding through the densely peopled native quarter. Against the ever-brilliant sky the brilliant

bloom spikes of the cactus plants, which had taken root in the crevices of the red-tiled roofs, were silhouetted, while, over all, sable crows circled.

Cingalese babies are the loveliest things on earth. Unlike our pampered British offspring, they seem to have no lengthened period of plethoric inertness. Infants of eight or nine months toddled gravely about in all independence, their perfectly proportioned limbs unadorned save for a necklet, a waist girdle of interwoven silver cord and beads, and a bangle on each tiny wrist.

Driving through an avenue of cocoanut palms, bananas, and bread-fruit trees, we met ever-increasing crowds of white-clad natives, all carrying more or less dilapidated black cotton umbrellas, walking with stately tread townwards. "Why do these men carry umbrellas?" I asked my rickshaw man. "For the rain, lady." "But there is no rain." "For the rain that is coming, lady," was the laconic reply. And I rode on, amused by the notion that these grave Orientals thus encumbered themselves from the desire to ape white folks' fashions. Alas! for consequential insularity. The sun had scarcely forgotten to smile, when a thick, warm rain encompassed us. A moment later, it had completely blotted out our surroundings, limiting our view to the sight of the rain streaming in rills off the naked shoulders of our runners, who still sped lightly on. The deluge ceased as suddenly as it began. As we left the fragrant cinnamon gardens, the sun shone, and the men paused at a stall under a great tree to purchase betel nut, which is sold grated, wrapped in fleshy green leaves. Then we hurried on, again mingling with the business-goers. The hour being later, these were a higher grade of natives, who revealed signs of affluence by owning wider skirts, wearing more combs in their hair, and having the rents in their umbrellas patched. Our little procession of rickshaws amused them, and many were the gay "Good mornings" nodded to us.



The streets were now crowded to impassibility, and we caught glimpses of stray fellow-travellers mobbed by hucksters pressing their flimsy wares. Though not yet eight o'clock, it was already oppressively hot, and we were glad to leave the jostling throng and regain the ship.

In the shadow of the deck-house, adipose Parsee merchants had spread out little shops of silver-ware, of native embroideries, or of lace. Inside the writing-room, a jeweller of repute displayed cases



of valuable gems, while sellers of moonstones and cats'-eyes, carved ivory fans, photographs, and of white duck clothing, surged on the holy-stoned boards. All around the water was alive with vociferating diving boys, vendors of unwieldy model catamarans, or steamer chairs, all athirst for British coin.

We were accosted by a handsome young Indian, who showed us a mango-stone. "Are you a conjurer? Can you do the mango trick?" asked the artist, recalling tales of Eastern magic. "Yes, sah! Do him now." Spreading on the boards a thin cotton handkerchief, he placed on it two handfuls of earth in a little mound, and planted the seed therein, sprinkling the earth with water, and covering the whole with a larger cloth. Chanting the while on a strange pipe held in one hand, with the other he waved a hissing



snake over the tiny mound, then, lifting off the upper covering, he revealed a small green shoot.

"Ah!" he exclaimed jubilantly, "the seed do grow. He need steck help him grow." Inserting a thin slip of bamboo beside the shoot, he replaced the cover, making his boy support the middle of the shawl from above, that the plant might have space to expand. Again was the writhing serpent whirled round, again sounded the unearthly chant, then, when we were all a-tiptoe with expectation, the magician snatched away the concealing cloth and revealed, growing upright from the little heap of earth, a bushy mango plant with fresh green leaves. In completion of his marvel, he lifted the plant and showed us the stone with stalk and roots protruding therefrom.

Our wizard had salaamed and departed. The shore-going folks had returned laden with more or less valueless bargains. The quartermaster, armed with a rope's end, had hastened the departure of certain dilatory hucksters; but still a diver lingered, clinging to the upper chains. He was an artist in his profession, his speciality being to dive only from the altitude of the bridge, and no lesser coin than a shilling had power to tempt him. Simultaneously with the first beat of the engines, the coveted coin glittered and fell. Quicker than thought the diver flashed after it. An instant later, his shaven poll shot upwards, the captured shilling shining between his teeth.



"A Prisoner of the Khaleefa"

NEUFELD'S ACCOUNT OF HIS TWELVE YEARS' CAPTIVITY

It is little more than a year ago that Charles Neufeld, lying in chains in the Khaleefa's gaol at Omdurman, heard, for the first time in twelve years, a European voice: "Are you Neufeld? Are you well?" It was the Sirdar himself who had come to the gate of the prison and had superintended the gaol delivery, which was one of the results of the great victory of Omdurman. It will be remembered that there was much interest felt in the fate of Neufeld at the time, and his story, so far as known, was, like that of Slatin, one in which there was wide popular interest. Father Ohrwalder and Slatin have written the narratives of their captivity and escape, and now Neufeld has added his to the strange, sad, and romantic story of the conquest and re-conquest of the Soudan. It is published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, in a handsome volume, illustrated by photographs taken by Neufeld himself, and entitled "A Prisoner of the Khaleefa; Twelve Years' Captivity at Omdurman."

Mr. Neufeld begins his book by refuting some of the hostile criticisms upon his conduct, and in speaking of which he says that his first feelings on hearing of them was that he had only "escaped the savage barbarism of the Soudan to become the victim of the refined cruelty of civilisation." There is no need to dwell on these matters now. Neufeld, restored to civilisation, has so much to tell us in connection with the historic events in which he bore a part, that we need only note in passing the more private and personal matters of which he speaks. Some of them are of a delicate nature. As his publishers state in the prospectus of the book, Neufeld during his imprisonment came into contact with some of the most influential men of the Khaleefa's empire, and gained a knowledge of its affairs which makes his narrative valuable and significant. His book, they say, has "not been prepared under the influence or with the aid of the authority of the Egyptian War Office," and his opinions are "unscreened."

Charles Neufeld, who set out in 1887 on a trading expedition to Kordofan, during which he was betrayed by his guides and captured by the Dervishes, was, before that, an interpreter to General Sir John Ardagh, and then a contractor to the Royal Engineers' department. He was with General Earle during the Nile Campaign of 1884-85, and was close to the General when he was killed at Kirbukan. After the attack on his caravan Neufeld was sent first to Nejumi, the famous Soudan chieftain who was afterwards slain in battle, and then to Omdurman. Arrived there he was visited by Nur Angara, Slatin, the chief Kadi, and others, and Slatin said to him in German, "Be polite; tell them you have come to join the Mahdiah religion; do not address me." Neufeld did not follow the advice, did not, as he expresses it, lose his manhood and cover with servile kisses the hands of a savage black, one of Gordon's murderers. He sent defiant messages to the Khaleefa when informed that it was decided to behead him. The Khaleefa, after having first sent word that Neufeld was to be beheaded and then that he was to be crucified as was his prophet Aisse en Nebbi (Jesus the Prophet), pardoned him on account of the courage with which he was prepared to meet either death. He was then sent to the gaol and put into the shackles which he wore for twelve years. Not long after his arrival at the prison, Neufeld was taken to Khartoum so that he might be impressed with the power of the Khaleefa and the truth of Mahdism:—

We were taken to Gordon's old palace (he says), and shown, at the head of the stairs, what we were told were the stairs of Gordon's blood. Then we were placed on donkeys and taken round the fortifications, while our instructors in Mahdism, pointing to the skeletons and dried bodies lying about, gave us word-pictures in advance of how the fortifications of Wadi Halfa and Cairo would look after the Khaleefa, assisted by the angels, had attacked them.

Of the horrors of the Saier, the pen into which the prisoners of the Khaleefa were driven every night, Neufeld tells us much, but not all, for, he says, it is impossible, even in guarded language, to give a real word-picture of them. The scenes were such that only a Dante could describe. Any prisoner who went down on such a night never got up again alive; his cries would not be heard above the pandemonium of clanking chains and bars, imprecations, and cursings; and for anyone to attempt to bend down to assist, if he did hear, only meant his going under also. In the morning, when we were allowed to stream out, five or six bodies would be found on the ground with life crushed and trampled out of them.

From his fellow-captives (who were not, however, like him, imprisoned in the Saier) Father Ohrwalder and the old Greek lady Catarina, "who was a ministering angel alike to prisoners and captives," Neufeld received such kindness and attention as they were able to show, and he had to thank them that his reason did not give way during the first period of his sufferings. Slatin also was, at

great risk to himself, one of Neufeld's principal benefactors, and Neufeld expresses in a note to one of his chapters his heartfelt thanks for what he did for him, the full extent of which he did not know till after his delivery.

Interesting as are the chapters of Mr. Neufeld's book which tell of his captivity, of the time he passed in working in the saltpetre factory and the arsenal of Khartoum, of the alternating hope and despair of many weary years, the account which he gives of Gordon's death, differing widely from all hitherto published, will be found the most thrilling part of his book. Mr. Neufeld prints side by side the three "official" accounts of the hero's end—Wingate's account in "Mahdism," and those given by Ohrwalder and Slatin. According to all these Gordon made no resistance. He made a gesture of scorn when the crowd was coming up the staircase of the Government house, turned his back, and was speared to death. All three accounts agree that his body was then dragged downstairs and the head cut off and sent to the Mahdi. All who read Slatin's book remember his terrible account of the head being shown to him while he was a prisoner in chains.

Very different is the story as given by Neufeld and by Orphali, Gordon's chief cavass, whose account is printed as an appendix to the book, together with an interesting plan of the Government House at the time of Gordon's death. Neufeld says that the first to relate the story was a man whose tongue Gordon had threatened to cut out as the only cure for his inveterate lying, and the man, when he escaped and reached Cairo, sustained his reputation. It is an extraordinary thing, Neufeld thinks, that this account should have been believed, and still more extraordinary that it was not

rightly treated, and then, great soldier as he was, he rose up. With his life's blood pouring from his breast, he fought his way, step by step, kicking from his path the Dervishes—for Orphali, too, had not been idle—and as he went the doorway leading into the courtyard, he cut through the doorway with a single blow. Then Gordon fell, his way—not been dragged—down were encumbered with dead and dying Dervishes. No Dervish spear pierced the living, a prostrate but still conscious Gordon, for he breathed his face his last assailant, half raised his sword to strike, and then he died.

All who read this narrative will hope that it is indeed died thus it is, as all who revere his memory would have wished him to die, like a hero, enemies' bodies heaped around him. Orphali gives a minute account of the desperate fight in the Government House, a fight in which the Dervishes before they overpowered the garrison. Those who of the palace were killed by the fire from the garden were killed in the garden. They swarmed into the vine trellis; some ran to the entrance, killed, opened the door; then they slew all the telegraph one who hid among the sacks in the store room up the stairs to the private apartment and broke it.

Gordon Pasha met them with his sword in his right hand, and killed of them two, who fell at the door, and one who ran away. Then we heard the Dervishes at the door, while the Pasha was reloading his revolver, received a little wound in the face, and when the Pasha wound in the left shoulder; the man who wounded him was

Gordon and Orphali attacked the Dervishes, wounding many, and ran away and hid in the stairs. Thus twice did Gordon and his companion in the onslaught. Then Gordon went back to Gordon's room, reloaded. Ready again they went out once more, and Orphali received another slight wound. Then he says,

We attacked the Dervishes on the private stairs, and while we were passing the door a native of Khartoum, dressed as a Dervish, stabbed the Pasha with a spear on the left shoulder. This man's hand coming from behind, the Pasha fell at it, and he ran and hid in the door. Then by one of his companions, a spear held by one of his companions, the Dervishes were coming at us, and we returned to meet them. I received a thrust in the left hand, and the Pasha cut the man down with his sword and killed him on the head and back. Then the Dervishes ran into the offices, and while we were standing in the corridor, a tall negro fired a shot from the door near Rouchdi Bey's room, and the bullet struck the Pasha in the right breast, and the Pasha ran up the stairs, and was dead. The Dervishes then came out of the offices and we turned, and we ran to the private stairs and we fired into them; but the Pasha was getting weak from loss of blood. We went these Dervishes down the stairs, and we reached the last one, and a native of Katimen speared the Pasha in the back, but I shot him, and the Pasha fell down on the cavasses' mat at the door, and he was dead, and as I turned to seek refuge in the finance office I was struck and I lost my senses and I was lying down with the dead.

The narrative of Neufeld's experiences in the prison during the capture of Omdurman is an extremely interesting and especially so is his account of the escape of the Khaleefa. He had fled into the town after the repulse of his army, and was lying alone in the praying place. He sent out two messengers to see how far off the victorious army was, and after they had gone two yards they came on the wall, and his staff at the angle of the wall; they watched them towards the Beit-el-Mal, and he reported to the Khaleefa.

Slipping through the cat with his household, collected the household, and quietly the Sirdar was making the complete circuit of Omdurman, with these 1,200 yards. It is a thousand pitiful things actually we did not continue in the direct on they were then taking, for a along the deserted street leading to the prayer ground, would Sirdar to lay his hands upon Abiullah, the Khaleefa, as he sat alone, on the spot where he had hoped that his faithful would stand.



The interior in its present condition

Remains of the old church burnt in the Fire of London

The spire from Aldermanbury

THE CHURCH OF ST. MICHAEL'S BASSISHAW, NOW IN THE COURSE OF DEMOLITION

DRAWN BY H. W. BREWER

corrected by Ohrwalder and Slatin, for, when Neufeld arrived in Omdurman in 1887, the real details of the death of Gordon were the theme of conversation whenever his name was mentioned, and there were many eye-witnesses to his death, or were until the battle of Omdurman, who could tell a very different tale.

Those who knew Charles George Gordon (says Neufeld) will believe me when I aver that he died, as they must all have believed that he died, in spite of the official and semi-official accounts to the contrary, as the soldier and lion-hearted man he was. Gordon did not rest his hand on the hilt of his sword and turn his back to his enemies to receive his mortal wound. Gordon drew his sword and used it. When Gordon fell his sword was dripping with the blood of his assailants, for no less than sixteen or seventeen did he cut down with it. When Gordon fell his left hand was blackened with the unburned powder from his last thrice-emptied revolver. When Gordon fell his life's blood was pouring from a spear in his right breast. When Gordon fell his boots were speared with the blood of the crowd of Dervishes he shot and hacked his way through in his heroic attempt to cut his way out and place himself at the head of his troops. Gordon died as only Gordon could die. Let the world be misinformed and deceived about Soudan affairs, with the tales of so-called guides and spies, but let it be told the truth of Gordon's death. On the fatal night Gordon had, as usual, kept his vigil on the roof of the palace, sending and receiving telegraphic messages from the lines every few minutes, and as dawn crept into the skies, thinking that the long-threatened attack was not yet to be delivered, he lay down wearily out. The little firing heard a few minutes later attracted no more attention than the usual firing which had been going on continuously night and day for months; but when the palace guards were heard firing it was known that something serious was happening. By the time Gordon had slipped into his old serge or dark tweed suit, and taken his sword and revolver, the advanced Dervishes were already surrounding the palace. Overcoming the guards, a rush was made up the stairs, and Gordon was met leaving his room. A small spear was thrown which wounded him but very slightly on the left shoulder. Almost before the Dervishes knew what was happening three of them lay dead and one wounded at Gordon's feet. The remainder fled. Quickly reloading his revolver, Gordon made for the head of the stairs, and again drove the assembling Dervishes off. Darting back to reload, he received a stab in his left shoulder blade from a Dervish concealed behind the corridor door, and, on reaching the steps the third time, he received a pistol shot and spear wound in his

St. Michael's Basinghall

This church, situated in Basinghall Street at the Guildhall, is being pulled down, and the parish is to that of St. Lawrence, Jewry.

The church, which, according to Walter Thornbury, in the year 1740, was rebuilt in 1460 chiefly by the John Burton. It was, however, destroyed by the fire of 1676. It is not, however, one of the best examples of architect's designs, and with the exception of the tower means well built. In fact, the north wall has judged extent that it has quite a dangerous look about it, and end is many inches out of the perpendicular. The divide the nave from its aisles are merely balks of timber, and the vaulting of lath and plaster. Notwithstanding the interior is decidedly handsome, and the ceiling is an example of plaster work. The capitals of the column entablatures above these are very elegantly designed executed, but of all the decorative work in the church position at the west end is the best. It consists of a

the Royal Arms, but the idea of the church is, in fact, the Hildesheim, which date from the twelfth century, are carved in the same style as the formerly in Germany, and the large carvings are, we think, to the credit of the Church of St. Michael, which has been dismantled, and the fine ceiling of mahogany, is still in the building together with the reading desk.

The great variety, however, is the church destroyed by the fire. It consists of a portion of the tower, evidently of fourteenth century design, so that it cannot be a portion of the first building (1140) or of the rebuilding of 1400, but must have been a reconstruction executed at some period between the two. The monuments have been removed. Sir John Gresham, uncle to Sir Thomas, was buried here, and Thornhill gives a curious epitaph to the memory of Sir John Aillie, surgeon to Henry VIII. and Edward VI., but neither of these seem to have possessed any monument in the existing church.

The tower is the only external portion of the building of any interest, but it is difficult to obtain a view of it, as it is so surrounded by lofty houses that the only portion of the building open to the street is the east end, which is uncommonly ugly. There is a glimpse of the tower to be obtained from Aldermanbury. Of this we give a sketch. It is by no means a bad example of seventeenth century architecture.

other with those of the City, and is executed in a very different style, as the sharpness seems to preclude the use of the old plaster and artificial stone is very old. For the screen of the church of St. Michael, which is reproduced at South Kensington Museum, and which is of the thirteenth century, are of the same kind of plaster as the north of the church most delicately executed. The Royal Arms are to be removed to the Museum. The altar-piece, which has been removed to the Museum, is still in the building, and the fine ceiling of mahogany, is still in the building together with the reading desk.

The Procession at Boulogne

The grand procession in honour of the Feast of the Assumption of the Virgin is held annually on the Sunday following the festival. On this occasion all the parishes of the town, with that of the

borne along through the streets, to the chants and prayers of the priests and laity. The procession starts from the Cathedral, to which it subsequently returns and disperses. Our double page illustration represents a scene outside the Cathedral of Notre Dame. All taking part in the procession pass before the Bishop of the diocese, who blesses them; here is a group of fishwives, in their picturesque dress, and children from Portel. The Bishop brings up the rear of the procession, and all along the route through the town he is besieged by persons presenting themselves or their children to receive the episcopal benediction.



The embarkation of Lieutenant-Colonel Hall's Brigade Division of Royal Field Artillery for Natal, in the hired troopships *Zibenghla* and *Zawathla*, at Victoria Wharf, Birkenhead, was completed on Tuesday. The Brigade Division is composed of the 18th, 62nd, and 75th Batteries of Royal Field Artillery. The entire force has been equally divided between the two steamers, so that each takes out a battery and a half, besides minor detachments.

ARTILLERY FOR SOUTH AFRICA EMBARKING AT BIRKENHEAD DOCKS

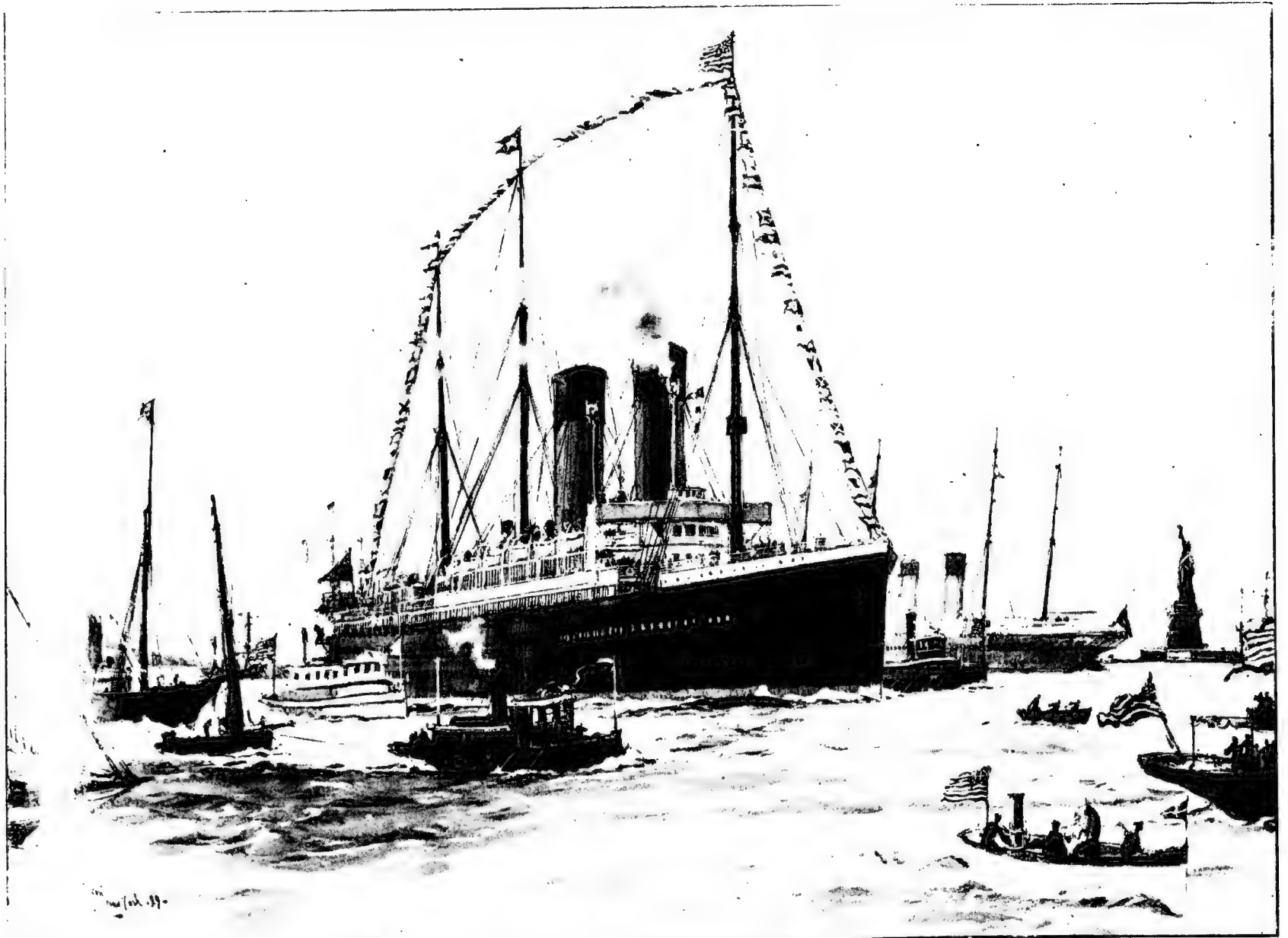
FROM A SKETCH BY A. COX

fishing village of Portel, near Boulogne, take part in the ceremony, which is a very imposing sight. The *cortege* numbers several hundred persons of both sexes and of all ages. It is divided into groups; these gather round the numerous banners, statues, votive ornaments, crosses, *crèches* and other emblematic tokens, which are

borne along through the streets, to the chants and prayers of the priests and laity. The procession starts from the Cathedral, to which it subsequently returns and disperses. Our double page illustration represents a scene outside the Cathedral of Notre Dame. All taking part in the procession pass before the Bishop of the diocese, who blesses them; here is a group of fishwives, in their picturesque dress, and children from Portel. The Bishop brings up the rear of the procession, and all along the route through the town he is besieged by persons presenting themselves or their children to receive the episcopal benediction.

X Rays for Oculists

THE X rays have now advanced from their original position of being a scientific plaything to that of being a surgical necessity. In the treatment of gunshot wounds, diseases and injuries of the bones and joints, and in many other ways, they have proved their value, and quite recently it has been made possible to use them in treating injuries to the eye. When a foreign body is driven into the eye there is frequently a difficulty in locating it with sufficient exactness to render its extraction possible. It might be discovered by means of an electric magnet if it happened to be a piece of iron or steel, but the method is unreliable, and if it were wood, stone, or any other non-magnetic substance, it would probably necessitate the removal of the eye in order to save the other eye from the effect of sympathetic inflammation. Up till now the X rays have given an image so blurred as to be useless for such delicate work. It has now been found (says *The Golden Penny*) possible to sharpen the image, so that the expert can locate a foreign body with the utmost nicety. The result is that many eyes can now be saved which only a year or two ago must have been sacrificed.



White Star liner *Oceanic* arrived at New York after a most satisfactory passage, having made the distance without a single stoppage or hitch. She passed Daunt's Rock light vessel at 10.17 in the morning of September 7, arriving off Sandy Hook light vessel at 10.17 in the morning of September 13.

The passage took six days, two hours, and 37 minutes. The average speed was 19.57 knots. The vessel was enthusiastically welcomed on her arrival.

THE FIRST TRIP OF THE LARGEST VESSEL AFLOAT: THE "OCEANIC" ARRIVING AT NEW YORK

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON

A Boer Interior in the Transvaal

FROM A LADY CORRESPONDENT

LET me introduce you to a Dutch farmhouse in the Transvaal as I saw it one fine afternoon two or three years since. It was situated some miles from any town or village; the typical Boer does not desire near neighbours. The way to it lay over the high veldt, along vast plains, with here and there a range of hills presenting the appearance of huge pudding moulds turned upside down, only slightly more rugged of surface but scarcely less bare. The road (by courtesy so called) led over small heaps of stones and reddish sand, varied by deep ruts and *sluits*, the beds of dried-up rivers, and now and then gliding gradually into the burnt-up pasture land, over tufts of struggling, unwholesome-looking grass. There were no hedges, no fences, no walls. Our vehicle was a kind of buggy, a hybrid between a Cape cart and an old-fashioned gig. Winding round the base of one of the big pudding basins we came upon a little valley, in which two or three green trees of the willow species showed the presence of water, and soon afterwards arrived at the house. It was a low building of stone, with a corrugated iron roof; along the front ran the *stoep*, which is a raised causeway or verandah built also of stones laid one upon another, and covered with earth beaten down

couch. A small harmonium stood at one end, and in two corners were little cupboards or whatnots, draped with cretonne or coloured print. The floor was composed of a mixture of clay and cow-dung print. The floor was composed of a mixture of clay and cow-dung print. I was informed that this kind of floor beaten down hard and firm. I was introduced to my bedroom leading out of the dining-room, and found it simply, but a little more comfortably, furnished, muslin curtains to the window, but no blinds! As I stood on the *stoep* later, there came to me a fair vision of farmhouses in dear old England, with their trim, smooth lawns, vegetable and flower gardens, and I thought, oh! for a little industry and enterprise in this desert, which could be made to blossom as a rose. The soil is so fertile that it is commonly said if you throw a plant at the ground and water it, it will grow. Here all around it was little better than a wilderness; a pool lay at the bottom of the bare patch which should have been a garden, and the few ducks stood among the reeds, or disported themselves on the water. No green fields of wheat or barley waved in the soft, sweet air. The Boer does not seem to believe in cultivation save for a little ground roughly scratched over for patches of Indian corn, here called mealies, of which, when finely ground and sifted, they make their bread; very good it is when quite fresh, but after a day or two it becomes hard and sour.

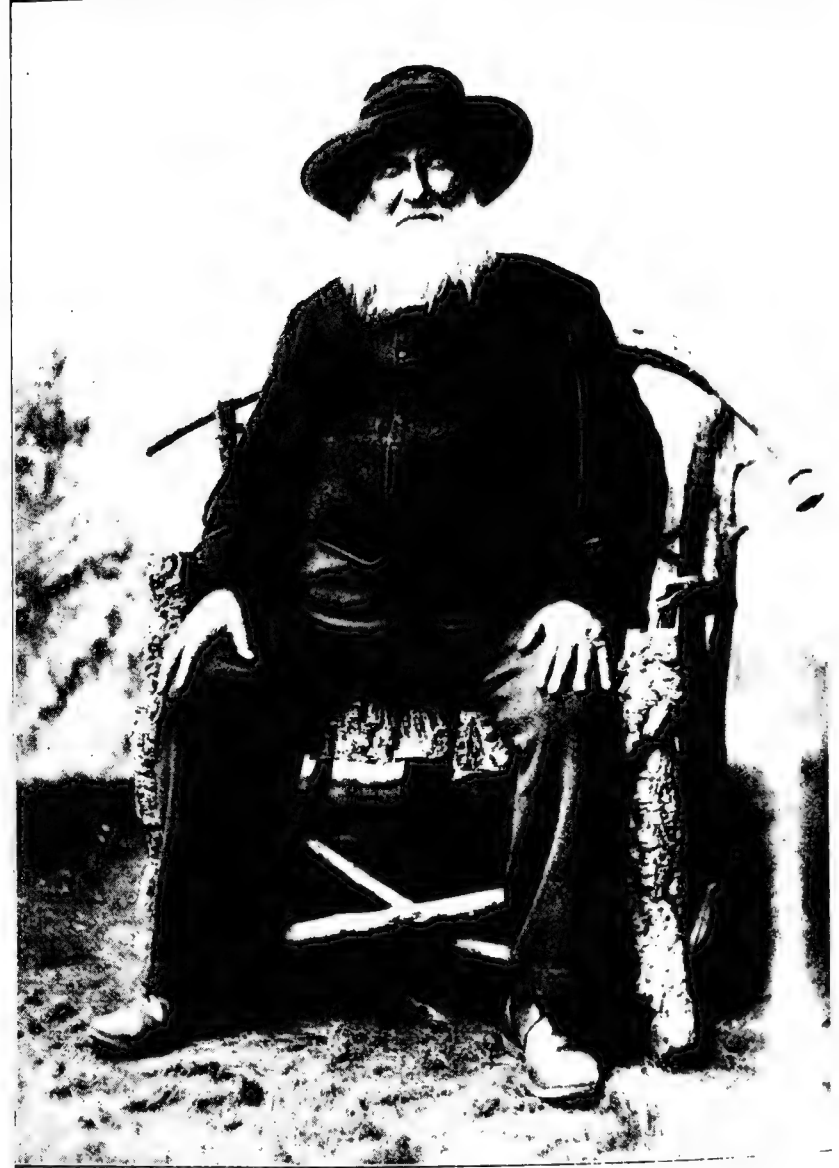
Through all the years in which the Boers have held the Transvaal it seems never to have occurred to them that, with some labour and care, they could have made this country both profitable and fair to look upon. Water is to be found generally at a depth of 30 feet;

frying-pan; this with Boer bread and butter furnished our frugal meal. I chose coffee, but I would fervently wished I had asked for tea; I felt bad, but Boer coffee is simply execrable: compounds in which ground mealies bear a large part, some coffee, which is often roasted at home, both meat and drink, and it is said to be of their drinking it so many times a day women attain to such gigantic proportions as to do in middle life, and sometimes in youth, the relatives of the household came into breakfast very good appetites. One peculiarity of the men, they appear to be borrowed; they never fit (I am, of course, of the low-class Boer), there is too much stockless, shown, and too much wrist to agree with the idea of fitness. It was a brilliant morning, and the members of the family offered to accompany me; we walked some distance and came upon the ruins of a house—a few stones left one upon another, and poverty of surroundings, no trees, no trace of a garden. On returning to the house coffee was served, but I now came a surprise, and I ceased to wonder at the still hours of the night before when I discovered the corners of the dining-room, under the two arrangements or whatnots, were two hens sitting on eggs. My

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A DUTCH VROU



A WEALTHY BURGER

THE TRANSVAAL CRISIS: BOER TYPES

From Photographs by Horace W. Nicholls, Johannesburg

hard. This is the place whereon a Boer loves to lounge, smoking his eternal pipe, and ruminating, when he is not laying down the law with regard to *Rooiniks* (Englishmen) or Outlanders generally. At the back were two little paddocks enclosed by stone walls loosely put together, and a cattle-kraal, also of stone, but partly thatched. Two mules were standing in the afternoon sun, winking their long ears in futile attempts to scare the flies which were exploring every portion of their lean bodies. A yoke of oxen browsing at some distance completed the prominent features of the landscape, until, at the sound of wheels, a couple of dogs of the lurcher kind appeared and greeted us with furious barks. Two black boys, called "Sunday" and "Shilling," came to take charge of our horses and conveyance, and we were ushered in by the back entrance through the kitchen. The distinguishing feature of this apartment, after the general squalor of the whole, was a stout cord stretched across one end, with strips of meat hanging over and tied to it; this was the greater part of a sheep, which I afterwards understood was killed the day before. The practice is to cut it all up, without any apparent regard to joints, in various shapes and sizes, and to hang it in the air, or often in the sun, to dry; this constitutes the *biltong* which they use on their journeys, or in war-time, and which is said to be most nourishing and sustaining food. We passed on into the inner room, which was breakfast-room, dining-room, and drawing-room combined; it was rather long and narrow, with a deal table, also narrow, and a few wooden chairs. Against one wall was a wooden box, which, with two or three cushions on it, posed as a

certainly locusts and drought are formidable foes, but in Natal, where these drawbacks are also known, and the climate much hotter, a good deal of land is under cultivation. It is not that the Boer bestows much time on mental attainments or the study of books, on æsthetic culture or care of personal appearance; his only book, usually, is the Bible, his letters are never written, his toilet accessories are of the most primitive kind, and those not often used. The average Boer does not undress when he retires to rest, consequently his whole attire is of the frowsiest; he is unshorn, unwashed, unbrushed, his skin, hair and clothing are all of the same hue, in close affinity with the colour of the ground—thence, we may conclude, arises their favourite appellation, "Sons of the Soil." As the sun sank behind the hills, and the short twilight faded into darkness, a dismal sound arose from the afore-mentioned pool and its neighbourhood—the loud croaking of many frogs, resembling the distant lowing of cattle. Supper over I went to bed. Though wearied with my journey sleep did not visit my eyelids; a restless feeling came over me, and soon I became aware that the blanket covering me was apparently the camp of armies of insects of the sprightly kind, whence they issued in battalions and attacked me at every vulnerable point. Added to this misery a heavy thunderstorm, with rain dashing against the window, came on, so I was fain to light my candle and while away the greater part of the night with a book. Morning at length came, and with it our breakfast; the strips of meat I had seen on the string in the kitchen the day before now appeared on the table, cooked, evidently, in a

hens and young chickens wandered in and out of the *stoep* at their own sweet will. In this particular it seemed the rule to begin to think of preparing everybody felt very hungry, and we did not dine till two o'clock. Later on a party of Dutch arrived in an ox-waggon from one farm to another. I noticed they seemed to regard me with suspicion, and to examine my part, was not carried away with admiration or curiosity for these gentlefolk, but submitted to their questioning information with regard to my own doings with as good a command. They are very inquisitive, but I could add that they are usually kind and hospitable to as can converse with them in the *taal*, which is Dutch, and the same language as that in which the Staat-President, preaches in the little Dutch church near to his residence at Pretoria. Among the people, girls, fresh-looking and rather pretty, but they grow miserably thin with increasing age. I have seen ugly different parts of the world, but, beyond doubt, for less ugliness, the aged Dutch *vroons* carries the palm. These old women are more bitter against the *rooibosjies* (i.e., English soldiers) than even the men hate the English simply because they are English and not themselves. So the evening again passed away, and morning I departed on my way to Johannesburg.

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7 9 by 5 2 . . . 2 14 0	12 8 by 8 1 . . . 6 5 0	7 9 by 5 2 . . . 2 14 0	12 8 by 8 1 . . . 6 5 0
7 6 by 6 3 . . . 2 17 0	11 3 by 9 5 . . . 6 8 0	7 6 by 6 3 . . . 2 17 0	11 3 by 9 5 . . . 6 8 0
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8 7 by 7 0 . . . 3 10 0	12 2 by 9 1 . . . 7 2 0	8 7 by 7 0 . . . 3 10 0	12 2 by 9 1 . . . 7 2 0
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Scraps

"DEWEY DAY" IN NEW YORK promises a rich harvest to the street sellers. All kinds of trifles recalling the national hero are being sold to the public—patriotic buttons, models of the Admiral's ship, flags, balloons, portraits of the hero on every imaginable trinket, tops illustrating naval incidents, and the sale is so brisk that the hawkers seem likely to be set up for the winter.

AN AMAZONIAN BODYGUARD of 500 horsewomen will welcome the German Emperor when he goes to Lithuania shortly for the autumn Imperial hunt. Lithuania is as famous for its fine women as for its horses and game, and the girls are splendid equestrians, riding astride like men. Hearing the Kaiser was coming the girls sent a petition that they might form his safeguard of honour whilst he stays in the province, and the Emperor William has accepted the offer.

THE BIGGEST OCEAN LINER ever built in France has just been launched at St. Nazaire. The *Lorraine* belongs to the French Transatlantic Company, and will run between Havre and New York, accomplishing the passage in six or six and a half days, so it is hoped. As crowds of Americans are expected for the 1900 Exhibition, the *Lorraine* is to be ready for work early next year, besides a sister boat, the *Savoy*, now on the stocks. The *Lorraine* will accommodate 1,322 persons—passengers and crew.

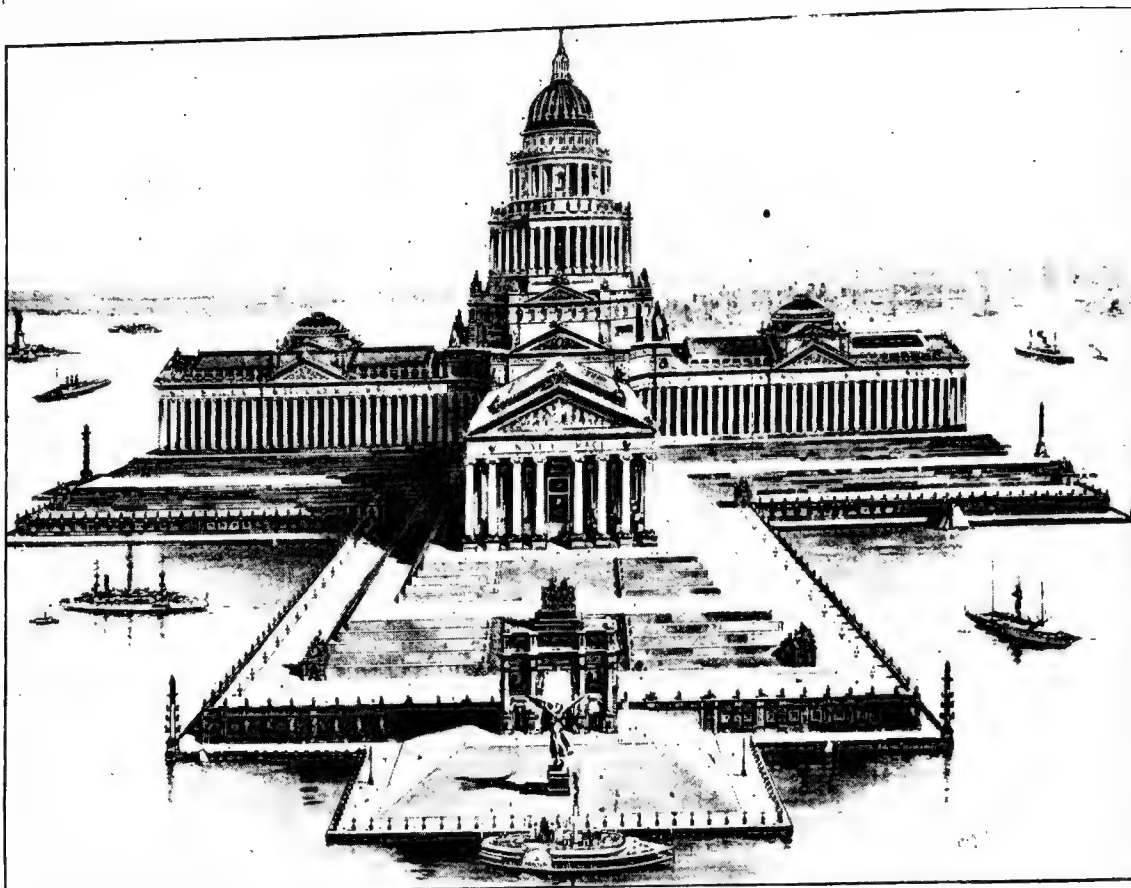
LUCCHINI, the assassin of the unfortunate Empress of Austria, is still in strict solitary confinement—a year after his crime. Ordinary criminals only remain six months in such rigorous imprisonment, but the strictest penalty is meted out to Lucchini. He occupies two cells in the Evêché prison at Geneva—the ordinary cell for sleeping, and another fitted up as a workshop, where the convict makes cardboard boxes. Twice daily he is allowed half an hour's exercise in a tiny courtyard, but he sees no one except his gaolers, the governor of the prison, and the chaplain. He is fed like the other prisoners on soup, bread and vegetables, with a little sugar and wine, and he is allowed plenty of books, novels being sent in by his friends outside. Lucchini has grown stouter and coarser-looking since his imprisonment, but he is in capital health, while his conduct is excellent.

ANOTHER HUGE MONUMENT IN PARIS will be finished in time for the Exhibition—the great Sacré-Cœur basilica on the heights of Montmartre. The last column of the central dome is now in place, and as soon as the cross has been erected at the top all the scaffolding will be removed. The church has taken nearly a quarter of a century to build, and has already cost over a million and a half. Possibly as much more will be required to finish the decorations and the interior, which at present is a vast bare space in spite of the votive offerings so freely given. Stone after stone is mailed by

A STATUE OF THE QUEEN recently unveiled at the capital has curiously impressed the Maoris. It is a Maori, so when the Maoris saw that the features of their Sovereign were so like their own, they exclaimed, "All right, all the same as ourselves."

A Suggestion for New York

NEW YORK City has no municipal building that presents her greatness and grandeur. This is, of course, a regret, and the citizens will not be surprised to learn that the consequence is that a new building has been made to build on Governor's Island, which is the largest in the city, a building which will be the largest in the world. It is pointed out that the building would not suit the city, for it would occupy the whole of Governor's Island, and the illustration shows a view of the island as it would be if the proposed building were erected. The foreground is the main part of the city. The building is a massive structure, the landing stage is a massive structure, passing under a triumphal arch, and proceeds up a thousand steps to the south wing, to be the New York Hall, 1,000 ft. long, 490 ft. wide. Double columns support a massive dome, 100 ft. in diameter. Brooklyn Hall, the west wing, is a counterpart in size to New York Hall, while the east and west wings are somewhat larger, and contain each a portion with a perforated dome. The Historic Hall, which faces the east, is a massive structure, the columns are a massive structure, 150 ft. high, on which a part of the history of New York City is cut, and in the place of honour stands a silver rostrum from which orations over the famous dead can be spoken. Facing the west is the Hall of Progress, a square amphitheatre, capable of holding



THE LARGEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD: A PROPOSED NEW YORK CITY HALL ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND

the name of the donor, nearly the whole of the cost being met by gifts and private subscriptions.

A NEW METHOD OF INFLECTING THE DEATH PENALTY is being considered in Japan. *Harikari*, or the gruesome system of causing a criminal to rip himself open with a sabre being out of date, it is proposed to enclose the condemned person in a metal cylinder and to exhaust the air as rapidly as possible. He would be dead in 40 secs. at longest.

60,000 people. The dome is a solid structure containing the various departments of administration. Below, the platform and steps contain some 3,000 rooms, opening into drive-ways running under the entire structure. Four tunnels under the East River connect the Hall with New York: four under Buttermilk Channel go to Brooklyn. At a rough estimate it would take 663,000 men about twenty-seven years to finish the building.

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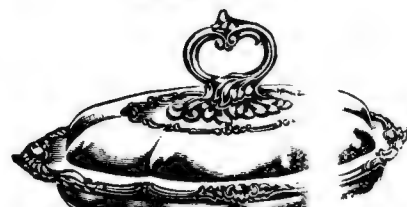


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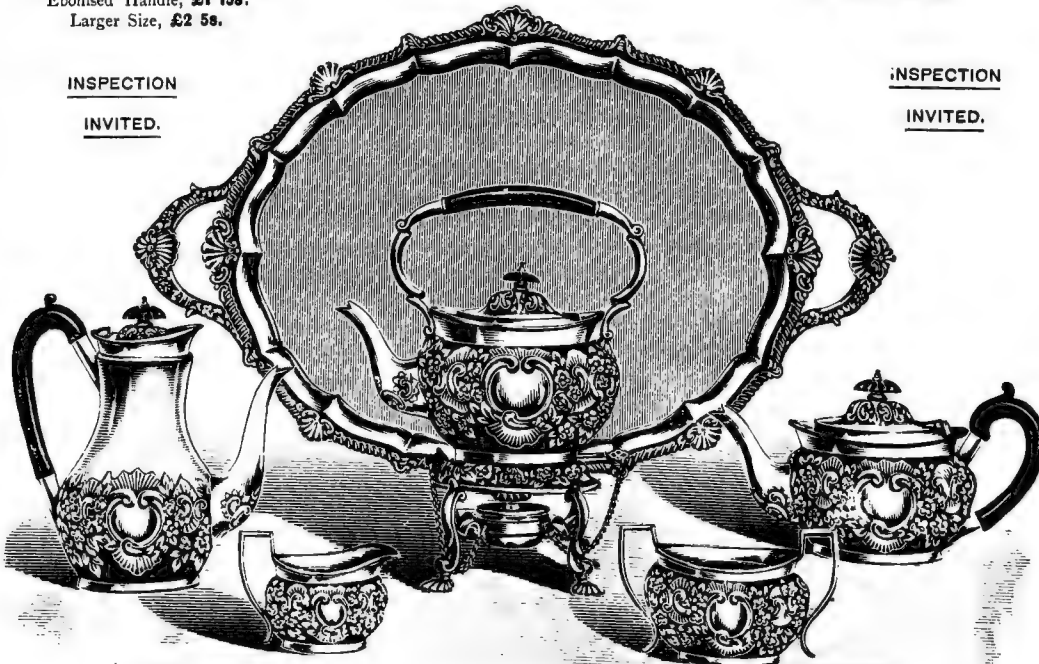
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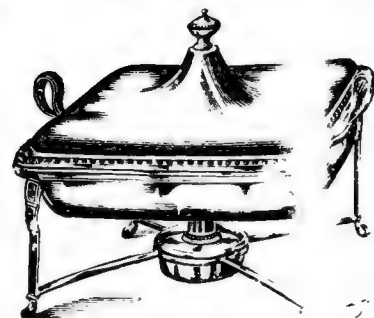


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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE cold winds of the autumnal equinox are thought by many to argue a cold autumn and early winter, while other observers expect severe weather, because hips and haws and berries generally are extremely plentiful this season. There is no clear scientific probability behind either of these ideas, but the former is more to be received than the latter. The temperature on September 20 was 66 degrees, and on the 24th was 56 degrees, at noon. This ten degrees fall in four days has induced the autumnal feeling, but the mean September temperature at Greenwich is only 57.2 deg., and it is the first twenty days, which were above the average, which have given us the steep gradient in the last seven days. London and the Home Counties may fairly be congratulated on their September temperature. Summer fades more gradually in our south-east than in the south-west, and the September temperature of London exceeds that of Falmouth, and is less than a degree below that of Torquay, though in London on January 7 the cold is 4.5 deg. greater than at Falmouth, and 2.2 deg. greater than at Torquay. The snow which fell on the Yorkshire Wolds on the 22nd and 23rd was held by many to be a bad sign, but this precipitation of snow on high land argues little beyond a rapidly travelling north wind. The season from September 15 to 24 was extremely wet all over eastern and central Europe, but the area of heavy rainfall stopped at the Rhine. Even in eastern France it has been no more than showery. The hopping is now all but over; it has been rapid and undisturbed by rain. The farmer is now busy threshing barley, for which there is a brisk demand, and in preparing the land for the usual October sowings.



A casket has been presented to Sir W. H. Preece, late Engineer-in-Chief and Electrician to the Post Office, by his native Borough of Camarvon. Modelled in silver gilt, the casket is oblong in form, bearing on the obverse an enamelled view of Carnarvon Castle, supported on either side by the Prince of Wales's feathers. The body of the casket is flanked on either side by the Red Dragon of Wales, supporting shields bearing respectively the Arms of the Borough and Sir William Preece. The cover is surmounted by a replica of the statue of Science which stands on Holborn Viaduct. Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street and Queen Victoria Street, were entrusted with the designing and modelling of the casket.

PRESENTATION TO SIR W. H. PREECE

ASPECT

A recent visit to Cornwall leads to a brief consideration of the part played by aspect in the life of country places. For example, to note that families of means seek the South Cornish resorts as Fowey, Looe, Penzance and to St. Ives, Newquay and Bude for a month or two, while the single port of Falmouth has two districts, Gyllyngvase and Swanpool suburbs being bracing, Gluvias and Flushing are extremely mild. The cases is the deciding factor, though a part, doubtless, the prevalence of local winds. On the Sussex coast, the notoriety that the difference between West and East Cliff, Hastings, is that of a whole county, to speak, from Cromer to Ventnor. Dover is bracing, Folkestone, Ramsgate than Margate, Southend a bracing air is not everything, and, moreover, an immense modifier, and for ourselves, perhaps, we prefer the bracing part of a mild place, such as the sea at Falmouth, or the higher ground of a hot place, as the downs above Ventnor Station. The latitude of a place has any striking effect of itself, for icy Kamschatka is as far north as London, and Newfoundland, that country of cold fogs, is as far south as the Isle of Wight or the semi-tropical Channel Islands. The differences between the different London districts are most marked. Hampstead is a great deal colder than Clapton and Crouch End are colder than Hammersmith itself is colder than Isleworth. Several plantations living in the open at the Duke of Northumberland's mansion, Syon House, require protection in the winter at Kew Gardens.

ACCIDENTS & AILMENTS.

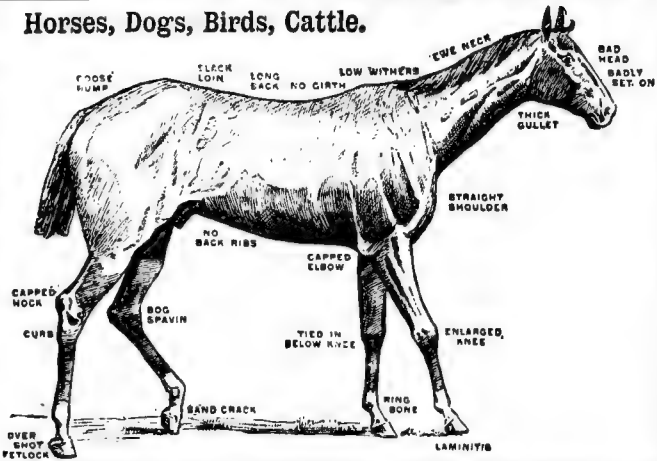
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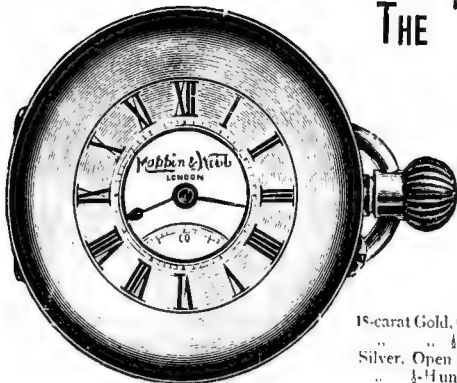
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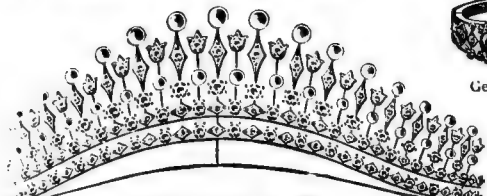
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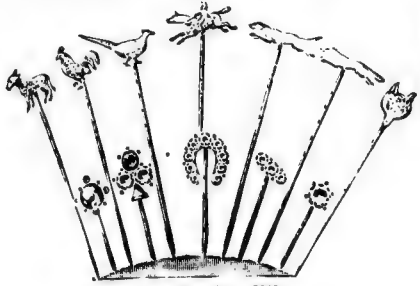
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begins six hours after the egg is laid if the hen sits on it for that period. Eggs should be collected as soon as possible after they are laid. (2) Removal to a cool atmosphere when collected is essential. Flavour is fatally injured by their being kept in a close or hot room even for a short period. (3) Frequent sendings to market are most important; and (4) foreign and Irish eggs are nearly always much better packed than the produce of our own farms.

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counties growing over a hundred thousand acres are four in number, York, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Essex nor Cambridge are near the line. Oats are grown in Devon, Lincoln, and Yorkshire. In Wales the chief county for oats, Carmarthen. In Scotland the chief wheat-growing regions, while barley in Forfar, that being the only Scotch county growing more than a hundred thousand acres to the crop. It is interesting to note that Scotland gets all the malt for its enormous population. Oats are grown in Aberdeenshire on 184,475 acres, only to Yorkshire's 245,000 acres under oats. A Government return of percentage of area under wheat of each county. At present Yorkshire is unfairly by sheer area.

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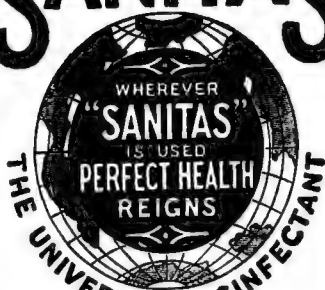


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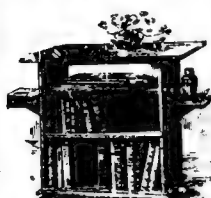
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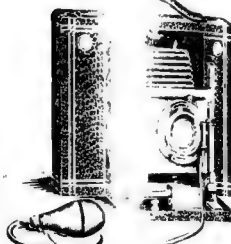
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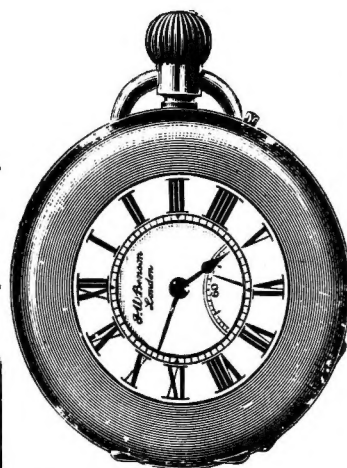
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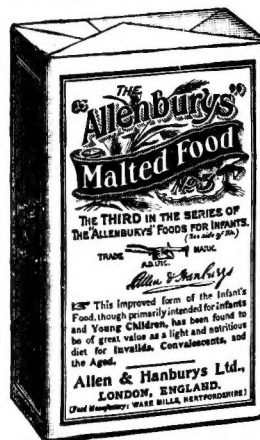
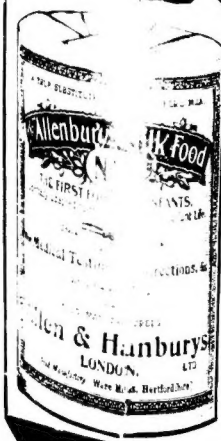
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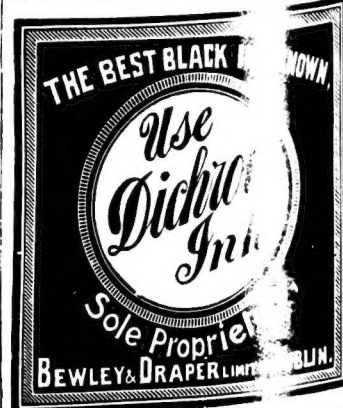
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